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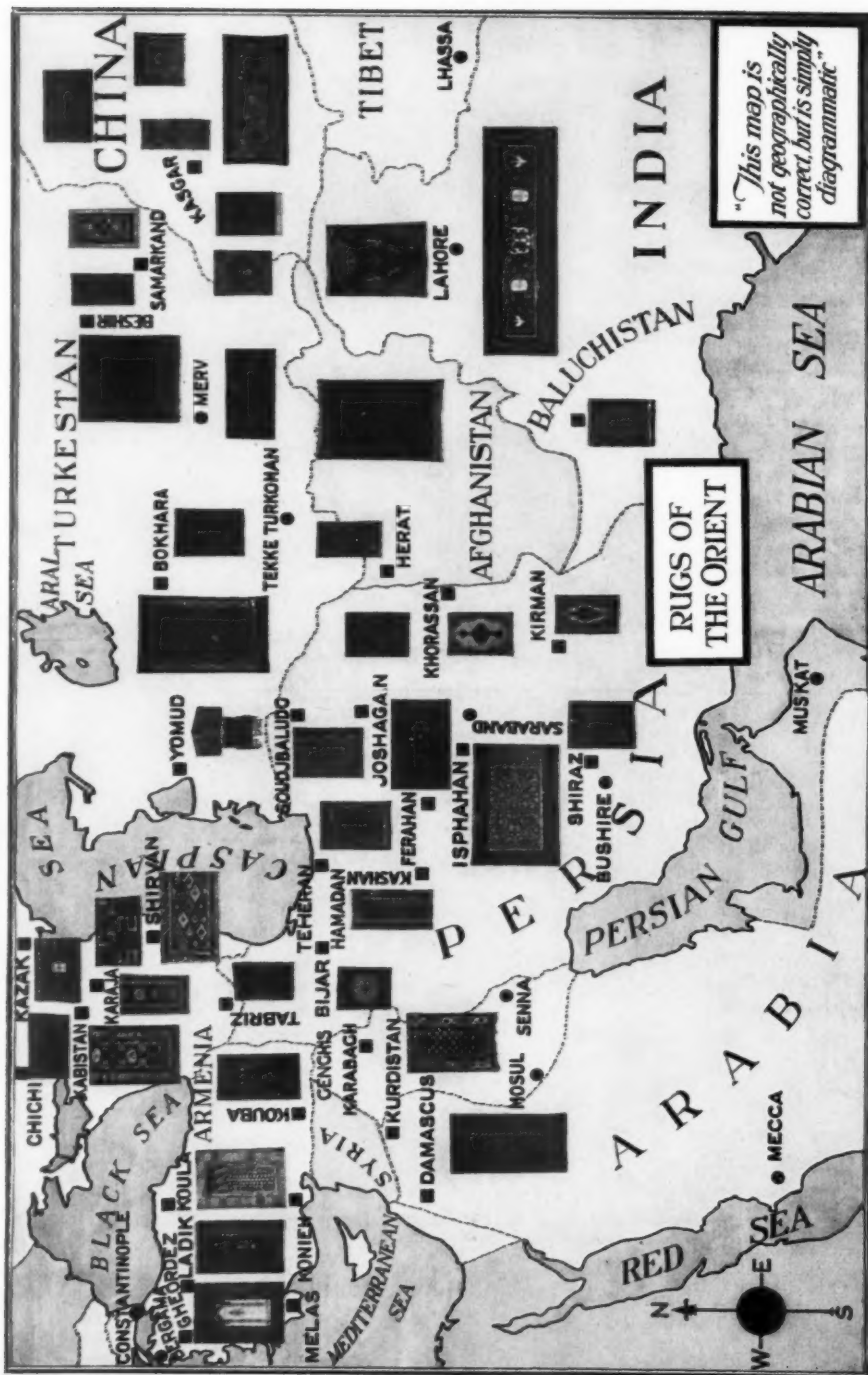


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By Hans Memling



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ON A PORTRAIT OF THE UMBRIAN SCHOOL AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O.



POPE JULIUS II IN THE
"SEDES GESTATORIA"

From the "Expulsion of Heliodorus," by Raffaello, in the Vatican

HAMPTON COURT PALACE is full of unknown or, at all events, unappreciated treasures among the paintings on the walls of the State apartments. Some of these treasures have only been revealed within recent years through the removal of old, discoloured varnish and other disfigurements due to the vicissitudes of time.

Among these the portrait of a young Italian (Law, 49) has begun to attract attention. It represents a youth, seen nearly to the waist, turned about three-quarters to the spectator's left, but looking out to the front. He has strong, rather coarse, almost sensual features; a long, straight nose, rather wide at the tip, thick lips, and a pronounced chin. His eyes are hazel, under rather bushy grey eyebrows. His hair is a rich auburn, curling over the forehead, and massed over the ears and on the back of the neck. He wears a hat of folded dark grey and brown cloth or felt. His dress is crimson-red, cut square across the breast to show a cambric shirt, beneath which

there appears to be a thin vest with an edging of gold braid. Over the red dress is a curious brown garment falling over the body in front and across the shoulders to the back. This brown garment is fastened in front by a cord of vivid green, tied in a bow-knot. The portrait is rather coarsely painted on a panel of very light wood, but has suffered so much from ill-usage that its brilliancy has been dimmed.

Gazing on this fascinating portrait one is reminded of the portraits of Raffaello by himself in the Uffizi, and in the "School of Athens" at Rome, of the Czartoryski portrait at Cracow, as well as of other portraits to be found in those marvellous creations by Raffaello in the Vatican apartments. What does the peculiar brown over-garment signify, with its bow-knot of vivid green? The clue to this may be found among those paintings in "The Miracle of Bolsena" and the "Expulsion of Heliodorus" in the Vatican, in which are introduced portraits of the young men selected

to carry the Holy Father in the *Sedes Gestatoria* on State occasions. These young men wear a similar garment, evidently of brown leather, the broad strip over the shoulders being intended to support the weight of the chair, as seen in the fresco of "The Miracle of Bolsena."

If this be accepted, the sitter of the portrait can be located at Rome, and presumably in the Vatican. From this it is tempting to deduce that the painter of so Raphaelesque a portrait could hardly be any other person than Raffaello himself. After research and comparison with rather similar portraits of other schools of painting in North and Central Italy, it is



GROUP OF THE "SEDES GESTATORIA"
(From the "Miracle of Bolsena," by Raffaello, in the Vatican)

to Raffaello and his entourage that the mind returns. The more one studies the life of Raffaello, so far as it is known to us today, the more certain does it appear that Raffaello glowed with all the passion of an artistic temperament, and that his early death was due to the combination of arduous, creative, and executive exertion, both physical and mental, with the demands of a fervid Italian nature. This nature was no doubt shared by his friends and contemporaries,

among whom the young man, represented in the portrait at Hampton Court, may very possibly be reckoned. Is it going too far to attribute this portrait to Raffaello himself?

THE MOND BEQUEST TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By W. G. CONSTABLE

THE opening of the Mond Room on January 12 by the Prime Minister marks the last stage in the fulfilment of Dr. Ludwig Mond's magnificent bequest to the National Gallery. Dr. Mond died in 1910, leaving the greater part of his famous collection to the nation, subject to the life interest of Mrs. Mond. After her death in 1923 the pictures passed to the National Gallery, and were for the time being exhibited in one of the existing rooms of the Gallery. Now they have been arranged in the room specially built to hold them.

The bequest included forty-two pictures, but only thirty-nine are at present hanging in the

Gallery, as the famous "Imperator Mundi," by Mantegna, and two panels representing "SS. Sebastian" and "James the Great," by Cima da Conegliano, have been allowed to remain in the possession of Sir Alfred and Dr. Robert Mond, sons of Dr. Ludwig Mond, during their lives.

The great majority of the pictures are Italian. The only exceptions are two Greco-Roman portraits of exceptional quality dating from the early years of the Christian era, which, like those already in the Gallery, come from Egypt: a charming "Allegory of Jealousy," by Lucas Cranach the Elder; and "St. John the Baptist," by Murillo. The remaining pictures

The Mond Bequest to the National Gallery

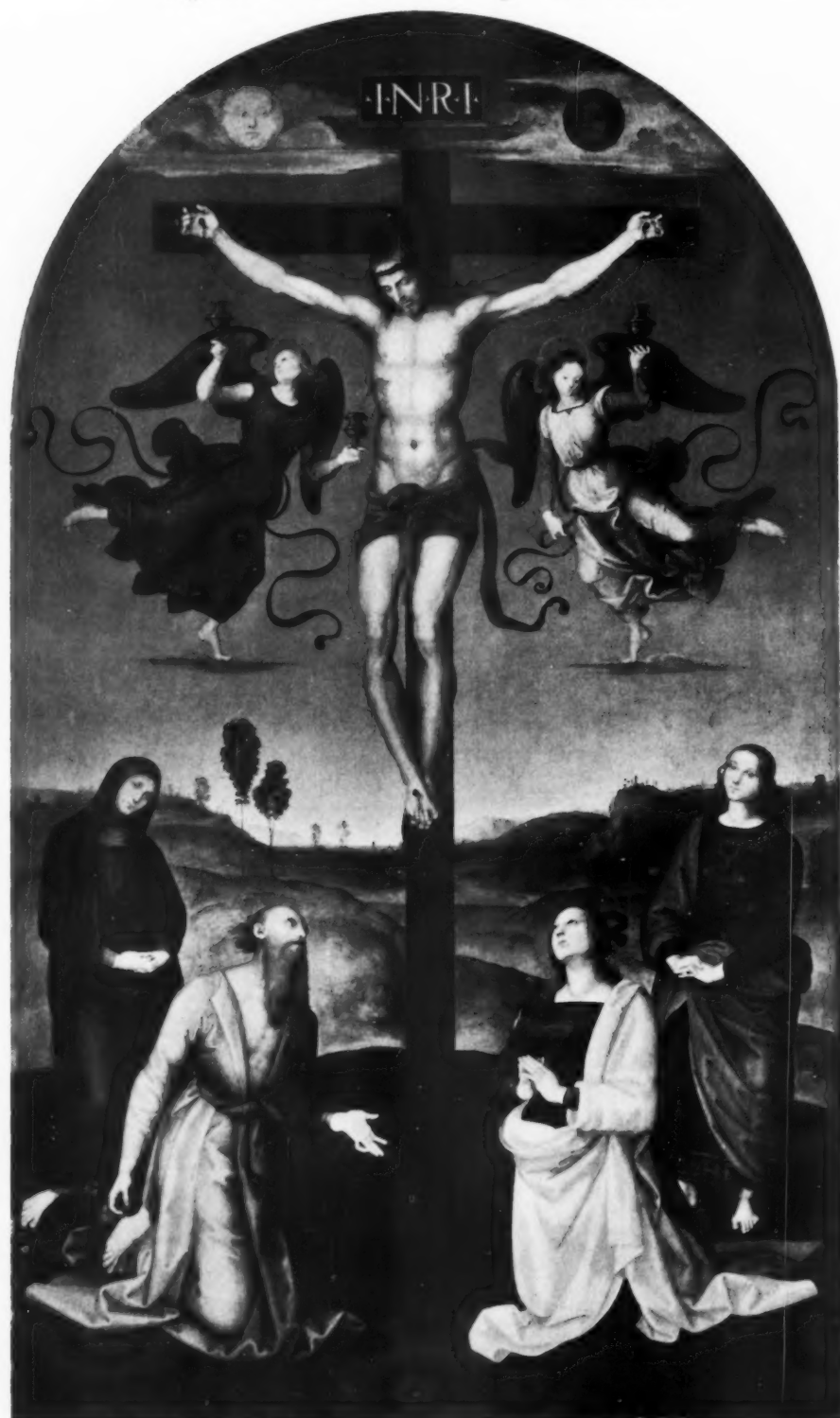
represent most phases of Italian painting from the early fifteenth to the eighteenth century, though chiefly they belong to the period of the High Renaissance. Dr. Mond had little taste for Primitives, the only examples which may fairly be described as such being the little "S. Mark," by that rare master, Giambono, and "The Execution of a Female Saint," officially described as Florentine School, but which has been attributed to the painter known as the *Maestro del Bambino Vispo*. Perhaps the most important picture in the collection is the altarpiece by Raphael, representing the Crucifixion, which now ends the vista from the main entrance to the Gallery. This is signed but not dated; it is, however, certainly a very early work, strongly influenced by Perugino, in the making of which drawings by that painter were probably utilized. Comparison with Perugino's fine triptych of the "Madonna Adoring the Child," also in the National Gallery, reveals how even in his early years Raphael had a far more secure grasp of form

than his master. Less spectacular, but of greater æsthetic value, is the "Mother and Child," by Titian, whose subtle beauties are difficult to realize when it hangs surrounded by other pictures. It is one of the painter's latest works and, in its realization of light and atmosphere surrounding solid form, almost carelessly achieves all the aims for which the Impressionists struggled. Another painting specially valuable to the Gallery is a "Pietà," by Giovanni Bellini, repainted in places, but substantially in good condition. All other examples of this subject by Bellini have long ago passed into public collections; and it is a matter for congratulation that this phase of one of the greatest masters of Venice, in which his relation to the School of Padua is revealed, together with his own singular intensity of feeling, should be so fully exemplified at Trafalgar Square. Two long panels by Botticelli, representing scenes from the Life of St. Zenobius, are also notable acquisitions. They are part of a set of four, perhaps designed to decorate a



ALLEGORY OF JEALOUSY
By Lucas Cranach the Elder

*The Mond Bequest,
National Gallery*



ALTARPIECE BY RAPHAEL:
THE CRUCIFIXION

The Mond Bequest, National Gallery

The Mond Bequest to the National Gallery



ST. MARK
By Giambono

*The Mond Bequest,
National Gallery*

piece of furniture, of which the two others are respectively in the Dresden Gallery and in the Metropolitan Museum. They cannot, however, be claimed as work of the highest rank and are to some extent overshadowed by the presence of the famous "Nativity" in the Gallery. Among other pictures which are of special value to the Gallery, both on æsthetic and historical grounds, may be mentioned the admirable "Portrait of a Man," by Boltraffio, which has a gravity and a beauty of colour rare in his work; the "Adoration of the Child," by Fra Bartolommeo, the only picture which worthily represents that master in the Gallery; the "Flora," by Palma Vecchio, which admirably reveals the more worldly aspects of his art; and "St. Jerome," by Sodoma, to whom other examples in the Gallery do less than justice.

The collection as a whole is a permanent

K

witness to Dr. Mond's taste and judgment, and to the knowledge and wisdom of Dr. J. P. Richter, under whose advice he acted and by whom the excellent catalogue of the Mond collection was compiled. That catalogue tells us a great deal about how the pictures came to be acquired; but much of their history still remains to be written, and no one could do it better than Dr. Richter. Here it is enough to say that there were not many famous collections passing through the market in Dr. Mond's day from which toll was not taken.

A few words concerning the Mond Room itself are not out of place. In his will Dr. Mond made it a condition that his pictures should remain substantially united in one or more rooms of the National Gallery, and authorized his trustees to contribute out of his estate towards the cost of providing a room for the purpose. To this wish Dr. Mond's executors have given most generous effect, and the result is one of the best lit and most happily proportioned rooms in the Gallery. In



PIETÀ
By Giovanni Bellini

*The Mond Bequest,
National Gallery*

IOI



MOTHER AND CHILD

By Titian

The Mond Bequest, National Gallery

the face of the generosity and public spirit to which the Mond pictures and the Mond Room testify, it may seem ungracious to introduce a note of criticism. Yet it must be confessed that, despite the high level of merit in the collection, the general impression is of inferiority to the standard set by other Italian pictures in the Gallery. Largely this is due to the work of different schools being

perforce massed together, instead of each picture finding a setting among works of its own type. It is to be hoped, therefore, that picture donors will not take as a precedent a condition which has for the first time introduced into the National Gallery the system of hanging according to collections, which has caused such chaos in the Louvre.



HENRIETTA
VISCOUNTESS
DUNCANNON



*Stipple engraving by
F. Bartolozzi, R.A.
after John Downman, A.R.A.*

OLD COLOURED STIPPLES AND MEZZOTINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

(The coloured illustrations are reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Frank Sabin)

LONG ago, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, some excitement began to stir among the engravers, for a new method had been brought over from France—a method of engraved dots, which were first of all etched. The invention of the “crayon manner,” as it was called, was claimed by at least three Frenchmen—Louis Marin Bonnet, Gilles Demarteau, and Jean Charles François; but they were all practising it, and it was very simple. Anyhow, it was from François that W. W. Ryland, the popular line-engraver, learnt the method, and when, on returning to England, he wanted money to keep pace with his extravagances, which eventually led him to Tyburn tree, he bethought him of the new and easy way to engrave in tone and commenced experiments. In these he was soon joined by Bartolozzi, another gifted line-engraver with an eye to the main chance, and, moreover, an ingenious craftsman who saw extended possibilities in the crayon

manner. He did not confine the method to the imitation of chalk, but enlarged it to suggest, in a way of its own, the roundness of flesh, the mould of form, or anything that might present subtle or elusive tonal character. So stipple-engraving was definitely evolved, and its practice spread very rapidly; but not before Ryland and Bartolozzi had discovered its capacity for printing in colours *à la poupée*, and—thanks to the co-operation of Angelica Kauffmann and Bartolozzi’s friend and fellow-countryman, Cipriani, with their prolific pseudo-classic and allegorical designs—had started a regular “boom” in colour-prints. Soon, so comparatively easy was the method, not only the leading engravers, like Bartolozzi, J. R. Smith, the Wards, Burke, Nutter, Caroline Watson, John Jones, Tomkins, had taken it up to exploit it for all it was worth, but the fashionable amateurs, including the Royal princesses, dabbled in stipple, and even engaged the professors of the art to correct

their drawing and finish off the engraving before it was entrusted to the printers. Sir Robert Strange, from his high pedestal of noble line-engraving, might denounce stipple as he would, deny it the right to be called engraving at all, and charge its cheap facility with "vitiating the growing taste of the nation"; but the dainty little craft had an extreme popularity for the quarter of a century or so while it lasted, and distinguished painters as well as popular pot-boilers cheerfully lent their art to be translated by it. And in the print-sellers' windows the new stipple in colours or in "Bartolozzi red" would appear among the stately mezzotints and challenge their beauty with its dainty prettiness, or perhaps its pictorial ineptness. So it went on; the print-sellers' windows got fuller and fuller of every kind of picture in stipple, coloured or otherwise; and then mezzotint, not to be outdone by the newer method, when it had given its own best impressions in black-and-white and had lost its bloom, sought the reviving charm of colour for what remained. But that was not the way toward artistic success for the coloured mezzotint; as we have learnt nowadays, the plate must be specially engraved with a definite view to the colours in which it is to be printed. In those days,

however, they made up with hand-painting wherever the plate had not responded to the colour-printer, so that it was hardly what today we should call a legitimate colour-print; and this occurred with the stipples as well as the mezzotints, so that very rarely any colour-

print of either method can be found without more or less of the colour having been put on by hand. In the eighteenth century, however, this fine distinction of colour-printing or hand-tinting had little or no significance; a print in colours had taken the taste of the town, and it mattered not at all to the public how the colour was applied. At the same time, these prints, priced as they were at two to five shillings or so on publication, were valued but as unconsidered trifles, purporting to "go" with the flowered chintzes, the homely pottery, the Chippendale



Mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds after J. Hoppner, R.A.

or Sheraton of the boudoir, or the more humble and sturdy furniture of the inn or the cottage. And when at the auction sales in the eighties of the eighteenth century any of them chanced to appear, they usually fetched only pence, though at the sales in the nineties they had risen to shillings; for instance, in a sale that took place in February 1793, I find the highest price reached was for J. R. Smith's "What You Will!" described as "fine, in colours." This, which is one of our

Old Coloured Stipples and Mezzotints



Designed & Engraved by J. R. Smith

WHAT YOU WILL — CE QUI VOUS PLAIRA

London. Published Jan^y 1791 by J. R. Smith King Street Covent Garden

Designed and engraved in stipple by J. R. Smith



Painted by G. Romney.

Engraved by J. Jones.

EMMA.

EMMA

Engraved in stipple by John Jones after George Romney

reproductions, is the most winsome of the famous quartet of prints, "Maid," "Wife," "Widow," and "What You Will!" It actually fetched *nine shillings and threepence* in 1793; today, so rare has it become, Mr. Sabin values it at £400! What is the reason of this disproportionate rise in appreciation? It is more or less the same in the case of all the popular

stipples and mezzotints—not that these things can really be popular in the matter of acquirement (the term is relative), for during the last thirty years or so reproduction, tasteful and of quality or cheap and common, has popularized them—but as they become rarer and rarer, and the values are enhanced, they can be acquired only by the very wealthy. Now, does the

Old Coloured Stipples and Mezzotints



MISS FARREN

Engraved in stipple by F. Bartolozzi, R.A. after Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

wealthy collector want them because the stipple method by which they were mostly done is now very rarely practised, and few things of the kind are likely to be done again, so that each stipple print stands on its merits as a rarity as well as a work of art? This "What You Will!" for instance: it would be difficult to analyse or define its artistic qualities; but J. R. Smith, with his vivacious urbanity, has caught *la mode* and a pretty woman's mood in an alert moment of intriguing, provocative charm, amid the romantic surroundings of a park; and the result is one of the most engaging of the stipple prints. This is, perhaps, in no small measure due to its having been an original design, a luxury in which the versatile J. R. Smith would indulge himself now and again; but with the prolific, always needy, George Morland to provide him with a "Story of Letitia" series, and as many more designs as he might require, the master mezzotinter was content to employ a staff on the production of Morland prints and pocket a good round sum from his "Morland factory."

All the popular painters discovered much profit from the favour of stipple engraving; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, above all, finding that the engravers could not do without the tender graces of his art, lent them wholeheartedly, since while he reserved his full-length portraiture of beautiful and gracious women for translation by the black-and-white mezzotint done by the masters, and never attempted in colours, there was much feminine portraiture, and still more of charming and chubby children, which, particularly in the skilful hands of Bartolozzi, with his instinctive sense of grace, was eminently suited to the stipple method. Tinting followed as a matter of course, and what charmingly vivacious prints are those three—the "Hon. Anne Bingham," "Lavinia, Countess Spencer," and "Lady Betty Foster," who lived to succeed the beautiful and enchanting Georgiana as Duchess of Devonshire.



LADY HAMILTON
AS "NATURE"

Mezzotint by Henry Meyer
after George Romney

Then there are the motherly young "Jane, Countess of Harrington," with her powdered hair, happily playing with her two children, and "Lady Smyth and Children"; but while the two bright-eyed little girls are really romping with their jolly small brother, their mother, though they are playing close against her, sits contemplatively in a large, much-befeathered hat and a very modish attire, and seemingly takes no heed of them, yet she might have come straight from a promenade in The Mall, with consequent reflections of her own. These, lightly tinted, make a most attractive pair of prints, peculiarly decorative for a drawing-room or a boudoir furnished in the eighteenth-century taste; but they are very hard to get. There is another of Reynolds's pictures of similar character, "Lady Cockburn

Old Coloured Stipples and Mezzotints

and her Children"; but this is more ornate in design than the others, and a bright note of colour is introduced by a macaw. This was charmingly engraved by Charles Wilkin, who became one of Hoppner's favourites and was associated with him in the "Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion," which in colours is a pet quarry of many eager collectors. Then there is "The Mask," deriving from a small portion of the great picture Reynolds painted in 1777 of the Duke of Marlborough and his family. Here are the two youngest of the children, the one trying to frighten the other with an ancient theatrical mask, an incident which makes a pretty print by itself, as Schiavonetti has treated it in a simple harmony of blue and white with the fair complexions and brown hair of the children. Most of the chief stipple engravers endeavoured to get a picture of Sir Joshua's to exercise their craft upon, for he spelt success. Romney was another of the painters in great demand, especially with Emma, Lady Hamilton and her various portraits for his stock-in-trade. There she was, three-quarter length, as "Bacchante" in a mountainous landscape, hurrying joyously along, with a hound scampering in front, and with her hands behind her dragging a ram by the horns. This, with harmony of pink, brown, and blue, is one of Charles Knight's best engravings. Then there is John Jones's exquisite "Emma," very simple and pure in its tints, and one of the most individual and engaging of all the coloured stipples, though Thomas Cheeseman's rendering of Lady Hamilton as "The Spinster" is scarcely less desirable; and how faithful it is as an interpretation of Romney's portraiture may now always be seen, for the original is in the Iveagh collection. John Ogborne's "Mrs. Jordan in the Character of 'The Country Girl,'" or "The Romp," is another popular Romney print, for the actress, by the irresistible joyousness of her acting and her

generous, lovable personality, took the heart of the town—which would have been an easy and delightful thing had there not been a Royal prince's heart concerned, for that meant ten children and, after twenty years, a painful separation and poverty.

The female portraits of John Downman, with their facile tinting, were chosen for colour-prints; and that they are in demand today would seem to show that they have something of style about them. Bartolozzi did "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire" and her devoted sister "Lady Duncannon," afterwards Countess of Bessborough; Caroline Watson was responsible for "Lady Betty Foster"; and the



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A. Engraver to Her Majesty



The Rt. Hon. the Countess Spencer.

London: Published by T. Agnew & Sons, 15, Abchurch Lane, 1854.

LAVINIA,
COUNTESS SPENCER

Engraved in stipple by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.
after Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

actresses Mrs. Siddons, her sister Frances Kemble, and Miss Farren were engraved severally by P. W. Tomkins, John Jones, and Joseph Collyer. But popular as these prints were, and are, there is a portrait of this same beautiful Miss Farren, who became later the Countess of Derby, in a fur-lined white cloak and a large muff, which is one of the most favoured and costly of all the stipple prints in colour. The original was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence when he was but a youth of twenty-one, under the title of "An Actress," and in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1790 it challenged comparison with the most eminent portrait-painters. I saw it before the war at Mr. Pierpont Morgan's, who paid many thousands for it; for a good impression of this print, signed by Bartolozzi, with the finishing touches added by him, but practically done by Charles Knight, one must be prepared to pay a matter of twelve hundred pounds, though at the sale of Mr. Harland Peck's choice collection, nearly eight years ago, his impression—and that was a very fine one—made over thirteen hundred. For the rest of the prints of ladies, one finds distinctive charm in the daintily vivacious heads of his own designing,

"Louisa," "The Soliloquy," "Alinda," and so on, by William Ward; and Condé's "Mrs. Fitzherbert," after Cosway, is worth possessing. Mezzotint was rarely, if ever, done by the old engravers with a view to printing in colours, and when a colour-mezzotint is a real or a comparative success it is usually printed in a lighter key. There are a few among the many mezzotints of women and children which reach a standard of excellence, such as Reynolds's "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," by J. R. Smith, and "The Duchess of Devonshire" playing with her infant daughter, by Keating; both J. R. Smith's and Henry Meyer's versions of Romney's "Lady Hamilton as 'Nature,'" as well as his "Mrs. Robinson (Perdita)" by Smith; then Hoppner's "Countess of Oxford," (Byron's Countess) by S. W. Reynolds, and Smith's "Mademoiselle Parisot," the dancer, after Devis. All these are prints of charm, interpreting the painters with more or less fidelity; but it cannot truthfully be said that many of the old mezzotints which fetch high prices in the market are worth the money on account of being perfect colour-prints.



THE MASK—
SPENCER CHILDREN

Engraved in stipple by L. Schiavonetti
after Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

EXHIBITION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS

By HENRY MARGUERY

THIS temporary exhibition—of most singular and touching interest—has just been opened to celebrate the new system by which, a few weeks ago, French national libraries were grouped into one organism. It is worthy of those which preceded it and fully maintains the attractive tradition of the great collections organized by the Administrator-General of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Monsieur Roland Marcel—exhibitions which, by their great range and interest, have so deeply impressed the public during recent years. As Mon-

sieur Marcel very truly remarks, in the preface to the latest catalogue: "These exhibitions revealed, in fact, a wealth of magnificent or rare works, of which, for want of leisure, the majority of our fellow-citizens knew nothing, but which they had a right to know and the pleasure of discovering. . . . After a series of exhibitions illustrating from various periods the genius of our



*Portrait de Marie Antoinette reine de France conduite
au Supplice; dessiné à la plume par David Esprit
du Louvre, et placé sur la fenêtre du citoyen Julien
épouse du représentant Julien, à qui on tend cette pièce.*

Collection M. le Baron Edmond de Rothschild

PEN SKETCH BY DAVID OF MARIE ANTOINETTE
Made from his window as the tumbril halted on the way to the scaffold

race, under its various aspects of grace, strength and balance, the time had come to display the most pathetic series of our collections. Moreover, at a time when without neglecting the work of our ancestors our duty appears to be to extend it, it was fitting that the public should have an opportunity of studying the period which indicates the rejuvenation of the spirit of France." We shall now follow step by step the eloquent testimonies to a social upheaval as mighty as it was sadly human. The inexhaustible resources of the National Library and the National Record Office, together with consider-

able loans drawn from national museums, the Institute of France, the Sèvres Works, the Carnavalet Museum, the Fine Arts Museum at Brussels, and many private collections, enabled the organizers to present—in the Galerie Mazarine—a mass of exhibits which daily attract large crowds. We see before us ten years of history and, from frames under glass cases, events follow

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on in clear succession. We make a series of discoveries; we move on from one surprise to another, so overwhelmed are we by certain sections. The mass of documents, at first immense, decreases towards the period of the Directoire; it is a curious fact that, throughout, we note omissions characteristic of the period itself: there is no contemporary document referring to the dangerous condition of the country—to the Battle of Valmy or the campaign in La Vendée; there is no contemporary portrait of Danton, and the only one of Robespierre engraved at that time belongs to an interesting series of portraits of the members of the Constituent Assembly, in which the "Incorruptible" appears as Deputy for Artois. But elsewhere, what a profusion of material!

Here, by way of introduction, are the works of the forerunners of the Revolution: "L'Esprit des Lois," by Montesquieu; "Le Contrat Social," by J. J. Rousseau, 1762; "La Grande Encyclopédie," undertaken by Diderot, 1751-1780; "Le Mariage de Figaro," by Beaumarchais, 1781; "Les Chaînes de l'Esclavage," by Marat, 1774, first published in English; "Les Annales Politiques Civiles et Littéraires du XVIII^e Siècle," by Linguet, 1777, a paper published in London; "Le Résultat du Conseil d'Etat du Roi, tenu à Versailles le 27 Décembre, 1788," a celebrated pamphlet described by Necker as "A New Year's Present to France"; "Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-état?" by the Abbé Sieyès, 1789, a famous booklet of which 3,000 copies were printed—all these

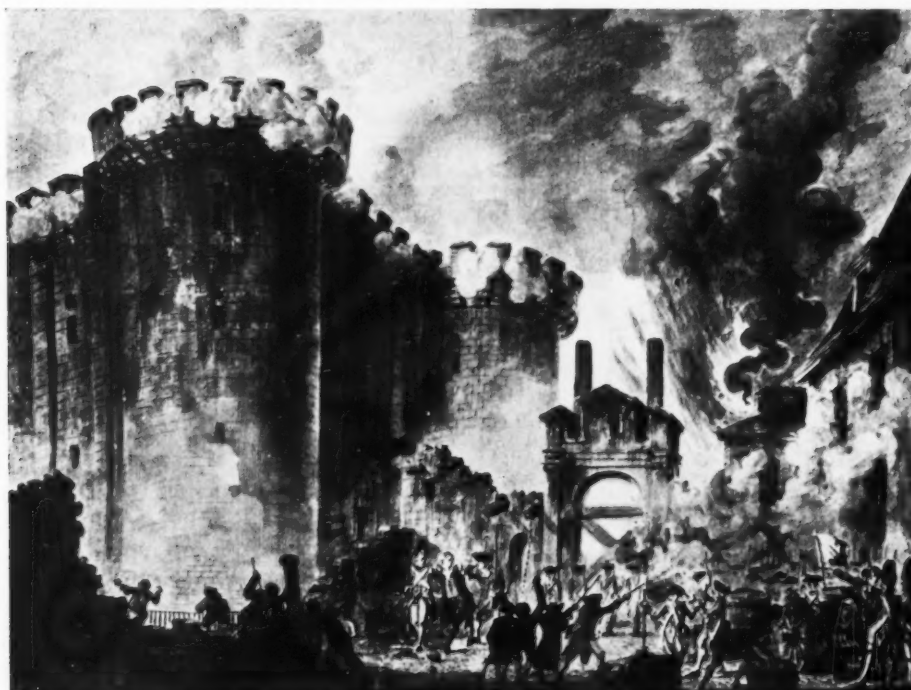


MARIE ANTOINETTE STARTING FOR THE SCAFFOLD, OCTOBER 16, 1793

Collection de Vinck

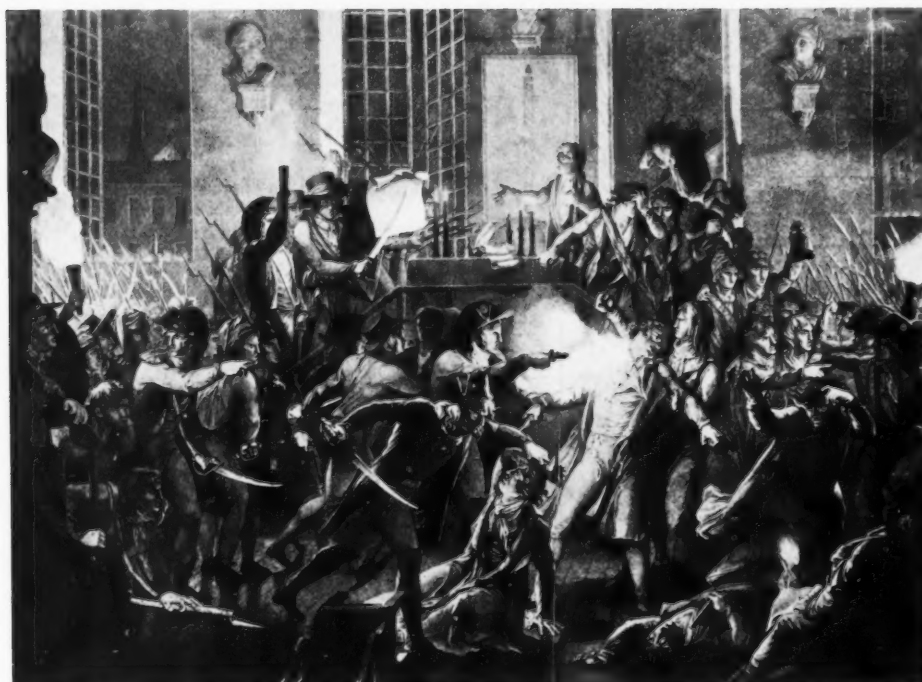
Drawing by C. van Cuijlenburg

Exhibition of the French Revolution at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris



THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE
JULY 14, 1789

*Watercolour by
Houel*



ARREST OF ROBESPIERRE, JULY 27, 1794
AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE

*Engraved by Tassaert
after F. J. Harriet*

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works indicating the spirit of the new period. Here we see reports, the Convocation to the States General, the etching of Moreau junior, produced to commemorate the opening; Necker's correspondence, with the actual summary of the King's declaration. Here are the reports of the oath in the tennis court (June 20, 1789), and the fine sepia sketch of this demonstration made by the artist David. In celebration of the fall of the Bastille there are descriptions, popular songs, a plan, a *diplôme de vainqueur*, a charming wood-cut simply coloured, a vigorous and warm water-colour by Houel, two engravings of Sergent-Marceau, medals, and the sheet of slate painted and serving as a table-top—the last relic of the old fortress, found amongst old materials and decorated by the patriot Palloy. In connection with Louis XVI's flight and his arrest at Varennes, we find notes, a pamphlet, a drawing by Prieur, popular prints, of which the wood engraving taken from the

Vinck Collection is undoubtedly the most pleasing. Then we recall the King's trial, as we note the manuscript of the defence; the decree of condemnation (January 21, 1793), a strange note from the executioner Samson, asking for instructions; the picture by Charles Benazech—an Englishman—representing Louis XVI's last interview with his family; the touching letter addressed by the King to the Convention: "I ask," he wrote, "a respite of three days that I may prepare to appear before God." In addition to reports of the execution and burial of Louis XVI, there are popular prints, a medal,

a second picture by Charles Benazech, from the Versailles Gallery. What a moving spectacle!

It is a spectacle rich in great and strong impressions; we find—following on the Royal tragedy—the great and illustrious victims of the Revolution; two wonderful portraits of Le Peletier de Saint-Fargeau, sketched by David: they are two lithographs, kept in the Cabinet des Estampes, which show the general appearance of this member of the National

Convention—one in profile in a powdered wig, the other with the head thrown back and the forehead bound up. A damaged print—an engraving by P. A. Tardieu, after L. David—represents him with the body stripped, showing the fatal wound in his side; and this unique copy is the only trace discovered of David's great picture, which disappeared in 1826. Here—again the work of David—is the terrible picture of Marat stabbed in his bath (lent by the Brussels



TABLE FROM THE STUDY OF LOUIS XVI ON WHICH THE
WOUNDED ROBESPIERRE PASSED THE NIGHT PRIOR TO
HIS EXECUTION

In the National Archives

Gallery). There are also popular engravings; the bronze mask of the tribune; Charlotte Corday's passport, the letters she wrote before her execution, and her "Appeal to the French" in verse and prose, which she had with her on the day of her arrest. Here are also pages of the paper, "L'Ami du Peuple," all stained brown with Marat's blood. Marie Antoinette's trial is illustrated by the indictments, the report of the examination, the speech of the Public Prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville, the "Réflexions sur le Procès de la Reine" by Madame de Staël, 1793, popular etchings, and the silhouette of Marie Antoinette

Exhibition of the French Revolution at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

sketched by L. David as the tumbril passed carrying the Queen to the scaffold (here illustrated). The decree of the Convention which set up the Revolutionary Tribunal lies near that appointing the Committee of Public Safety. The savage procedure of these two courts is revealed in the "Mémoires de Madame Roland," written in the prison of the Abbaye, in the sentences passed upon the Girondins, the documentary records of the Revolutionary Government, the register of the examinations of accused persons brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris, which sat from the 26th of Thermidor, year II, to the 28th of Brumaire, year III. Then follows the reaction of Thermidor, illustrated by Prieur's drawing ("The Night of the 9/10 Thermidor") and by J. J. F. Tassaert's stipple engraving, after Harriet's picture; the engraving is showy and cold, but is a faithful representation of the dramatic arrest of Robespierre. Two exhibits which are very characteristic of the last days of the Convention are also worthy of notice: one is an etching by Duplessi-Berteaux, after Charles Monnet, and relates to the Jacobin revolt of the 1st Prairial, year III (May 20, 1795), against the Thermidoriens; the second, engraved by J. S. Helman, after Charles Monnet, represents the Royalist rising of the 13th Vendémiaire, year IV (October 5, 1795), against the Convention; these prints illustrate the hesitating policy adopted by the Directoire. An English caricature, "The French Mahomet," published in London, April 16, 1797, is an attack upon La Réveillère-Lefieux, President of the Directoire, and



MORT DE LOUIS CAPET, JANUARY 21, 1793

Coloured engraving

Collection Laterrade



EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI

Musée de Versailles

Painting by Benazech, the only contemporary painting of this subject

condemns this dangerous policy, with most biting satire.

An order of the 4th Brumaire, year IV, appointing General Bonaparte as commander of the home army at length indicates his growing fame.

Although we have so far endeavoured to follow the documents in chronological order, we wish, nevertheless, to emphasize the interest of specimens, such as "Les Mémoires d'un Témoin de la Révolution," by Bailly, 1789; the souvenir of the Fête de la Fédération; Janinet's collection of prints, grouping accurately the principal events which occurred between May 5, 1789, and March 5, 1791; the collections of almanacs (the Citizens' Cockade, 1789—the National New Year's Gift, 1790—Father Duchesne's Almanac, 1791, and Father Gerard's, 1792, the Honest Folks' Almanac, 1793); officers' correspondence, military reports, legal documents, the Treaties of Tolentino, Campo-Formio, and the copy of "Ausmeinem Leben," in which the great Goethe, who was following the Brunswick army, records, in reference to the Battle of Valmy, "That place and that day mark a new era in the history of the world, and you can say: I was there!" The activities of the refugees should also be noted; we find evidence of it in many pamphlets, letters, almanacs (Almanach des Aristocrates, des Emigrants, 1791, de Coblenz, 1792). We may also mention Grégoire's letter, demanding liberty for coloured men, and his famous motion in favour of the Jews, which was supported by Mirabeau

and led to the abolition of the *lois d'Exception* on September 27, 1791. We find also the decree on the civil status of the clergy; notes referring to the taking of civic oaths; a letter from Gobel, one of the six bishops who took the oath to the Constitution; the republican ritual for the festival of the Supreme Being; the registers and pictures of the Grand Orient. Then follow evidences of the influence of the Convention: maps and plans fixing departmental boundaries, reports on the choice of a unit of measurement and the introduction of the metric system; there are cases showing paper money of the Revolution, plates of coupons for the forced loan of the year IV; educational circulars and reports; decrees on the establishment of the Institute and the Polytechnic School; the "Voyage du Jeune Anarcharsis," by the Abbé Barthélemy; poems by André Chénier, and valuable documents on the history of the theatre; Talma's autographs, plates of costumes, books of dramas, and comedies in touch with the taste of the day—"La Prise de la Bastille," by Desaugiers, 1790; "Charles IX ou l'Ecole des Rois," by M. J. Chénier, 1790; "L'Ami des Lois"; "Paméla, ou la Vertu récompensée"; "Le Jugement Dernier des Rois." We may note bindings with republican arms and mottoes, musical scores of "Ça ira," "La Carmagnolle," "L'Hymne à l'Humanité," "Le Chant du Départ," "La Marche des Marseillois," patriotic newspapers, revolutionary vignettes, and republican packs of cards.

But among all this copious display of historical material, affording striking evidence of a stirring and troubled period, justice should

be done to the work accomplished in the sphere of art—that calm and fine work which, as by a miracle, escaped the brutality of the events of the time. It is to the unerring taste and attentive care of Monsieur P. A. Lemoisne, Curator of the Cabinet des Estampes, and Monsieur Marcel Roux, the librarian, that we owe the choice and arrangement of the excellent plates which adorn the exhibition. We

have already mentioned the peculiar charm of the popular wood engravings, issued for the most part by Letourmi, at Orléans. In addition to the simple examples, "The Fall of the Bastille" and "The Arrest of the King at Varennes," we may mention the portraits of "Generals of the Republic" and the clever and decorative "Oppression and Liberation of the Third Estate," wood engraved plates, with the high lights touched up in watercolour, giving a most pleasing effect. But these rare and charming woodcuts are, in fact, artistic curiosities. The Revolution had no very important effect upon either art or its technique; artists continued to use the same methods—engraving, stippling, and etching in colours—processes followed

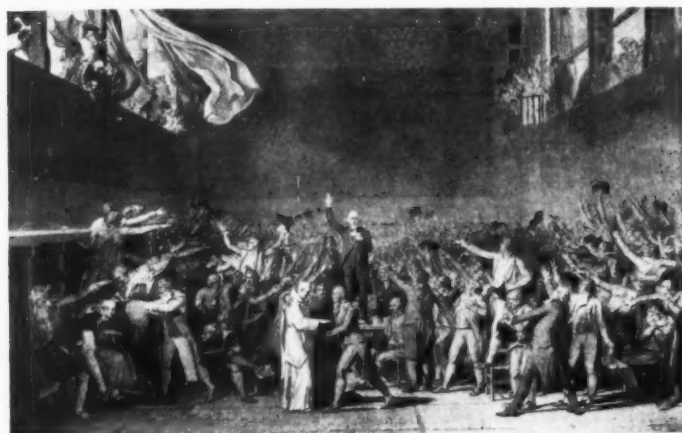
under the monarchy. It may also be noted that, in spite of the tragic events of the time and the austere principles of the leaders, no restraint was placed upon the issue of plates of a romantic character; in fact, the most extreme compositions were produced during the Terror, and this tendency, which persists through the darkest times, justifies the subtle idea expressed by Anatole France in Chapter III of his admirable romance on the revolutionary period: "Les Dieux ont Soif." "The eagerness of the citizens for regeneration abated



Musée du Louvre

PROPOSAL FOR STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC
By P. Chinard

Exhibition of the French Revolution at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris



Musée du Louvre

SERMENT DU JEU DE PAUME AT VERSAILLES, JUNE 20, 1789

Sepia drawing by L. David

with time, and men will always love women." The most striking examples in this connection are: "L'Almanach des Demoiselles de Paris," or "Calendrier du Plaisir," published in 1792; "Le Prélude à Nina," by Chaponnier, after Boilly, 1790; "La Rose mal défendu" and "La Croisée," by Debucourt, 1791; and the "Ça ira," by Mathias, after Boilly, 1792. We find, however, a number of fine prints which are free from extremes in either direction. Have we not the picturesque "Promenade Publique," engraved by Debucourt in 1792; Cazenare's "Optique," after Boilly, 1793 (a superb plate representing Louise Sebastienne Géley, wife of Danton, with her son); and Copia's "Amour réduit à la Raison," after Prud'hon, 1793? Among the drawings the following are also admirable: the fresh watercolour by Touzé, "Vive la danse et le pas de trois, 1789," a sparkling allegory on the reunion of the three orders; the "Préparatifs de la Fête de la Fédération," a pen-and-ink drawing by Jacques Berteaux, 1790; the "Marat porté en triomphe," after his acquittal, a sketch by Boilly giving the first idea of his picture in the Lille Gallery; a "Triomphe du Peuple Français," 1793, a design sketched by L. David for the curtain at the Opera House. We may also mention the "Portrait du Général Marceau," by his brother-in-law, Sergeant-Marceau, the engraver, an aquatint as strong as it is delicate; the plate, by Coqueret, pupil of Janinet, after Dutailly, "On doit à sa patrie le sacrifice de ses plus chères

affections"; the portraits of "Général Bonaparte" and "Général Berthier," engraved by Alix; the pleasing republican calendar of the year II, and aquatint by Debucourt. Many other exhibits might also be mentioned, which are included among posters, caricatures ("Histoire des Caricatures de la Révolte des Français," by Boyer de Nîmes, 1792), porcelains, fabrics, casts and terra-cottas (busts by Houdon and Pajou, equestrian statue of La Fayette, design for a statue of the Republic by Chinard); or amongst the allegorical figures lent by the Sèvres works. To conclude, we may mention certain most interesting articles: a reduced model of the guillotine; a table belonging originally to Louis XVI's study

on which Robespierre lay dying, with a broken jaw, during the night of the 9-10 Thermidor; a copy of "L'Office de la Divine Providence," which belonged to Marie Antoinette, in which, before leaving the conciergerie for the scaffold, she scribbled, on the back of a page stained with tears, this poignant and deeply sorrowful farewell:

Oct. 16. 4.30 a.m.

Oh God! My eyes have no more tears to shed for you, my poor children. Farewell, farewell.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.



Cabinet des Estampes

LE PELETIER DE SAINT-FARGEAU ON HIS DEATH BED

Unique copy of engraving by Tardieu, after David

THE CANOPIC CHEST OF TUTANKHAMEN

By J. B. MANSON

THE canopic chest, which formed the kernel of the tomb of Tutankhamen, has a beauty which is direct and simple in its appeal.

A suggestion that it should be considered as a simple separate work of art, from a point of view without knowledge of Egyptology and without reference to the circumstances of its creation, had an attractiveness which, on reflection, dissolved in the difficulties inevitable to such a proposition.

It is true that a work of art should be susceptible of judgment on its intrinsic merits; yet, in this particular case, it would be impossible, without previous knowledge, to say whether the gracious perfection of this work were the ultimate fruit of tradition or the supreme flower of an individual artist's inspiration.

In these brief notes we are concerned only with the canopic chest; but if we had the complete work before us we could not fail to realize that the creator, long ago, of those four guardian goddesses which stood round the outer canopy or canopic shrine, in their simple and rather pathetic beauty, was an artist of real feeling and ability. One is certain they were not merely the expression of an accepted formula.

No doubt that exquisite simplicity of line and form was the final result of tradition, but its significance and directness seem to record a personal quality of feeling, something more than craftsmanship.

The material beauty of the chest, which is made of semi-translucent alabaster, is obvious, even in a photograph.

The dado at its base is of gold—a lovely combination—and gives an impression of a solid support for the rather ethereal substance erected upon it. The whole stands upon a silver-handled sledge.

One experiences, from contemplation of this chest, the sense of satisfaction that a perfectly-proportioned object always evokes.

The sides, which converge slightly, are arrested at certain points by projecting mouldings of perfect simplicity until they are finished off by a concave cornice at the top

which projects slightly beyond the limits of the golden base.

At each corner is carved the figure of a guardian goddess in just the right degree of relief to give emphasis and decoration and yet to keep within the mass of the chest and without breaking the essential feeling of the line.

The delicacy of the work in these figures can only be guessed at from a photograph, but the method of placing them actually at the corner angles is very ingenious. By a twist in the body—too slight to convey any feeling of discomfort—the legs and the head of each figure are brought within the same plane, while the arms embrace the corner.

The spaces between the figures are filled with the formulas appropriate to the goddesses, cut in bold hieroglyphs and filled in with black pigment, producing an effect richly decorative, although they have another purpose.

When the lid of the chest is removed, the four portrait busts of the young king are revealed.

These formed the stoppers to the canopic jars which contained the viscera.

The effect is remarkably beautiful, with a beauty which is curiously intimate and charming and not at all academic or austere. The heads are carved with a formal simplicity, and yet they express vitality and personality. Their beauty is apparent, even at second hand in the reproduction of a photograph.

Contemplation of this work of art, created over 3,000 years ago, makes one realize the absurdity of the phrase, "progress in art," which is used by critics who do not know what art means.

There may be new ways of regarding life and, consequently, new methods of expression, but art which represents a state of the soul is essentially the same, whatever its period.

There is no progress in such things. A sculptor of today, asked to create such a work, could certainly produce nothing more beautiful than this canopic chest, enclosed within its equally beautiful shrine, which has lain buried for thousands of years under the sands of Egypt.





PERASTO, A DEAD VENETIAN CITY IN YUGO-SLAVIA

By BERNARD BEVAN

TH E
Bocche
di Cat-
taro!

What magic in the very name, conjuring up a vision of great lakes girt with frowning mountains of the blue Adriatic piercing its way into the very heart of the Montenegrin Massif. Imagine a Norwegian fjord transported to the

Mediterranean, mountains as precipitous as those by the lake of Uri, but the austerity tempered by sunlit villages as smiling as any on Como or Garda. The glories of the Bocche have been extolled by Sir Thomas Jackson, Pierre Marge, Achleitner and others; but, prosaically, suffice it to say that the gulf opens and recloses so as to form four distinct lakes, the narrow strait between each being not more than a few hundred yards in breadth.

It is after passing through the third of these straits that the more laughing type of scenery ends and we suddenly enter a lake surrounded by gigantic mountains, absolutely barren, and grand in the extreme—scenery such as only Dante or Gustave Doré could have visualized. To the left, at the foot of an overwhelming precipice, lies Risano, the Rhizinium of Roman days, at that time the most important place on the gulf, which was in fact known as the Sinus Rhizonicus. To the right, hidden from the sun by the snowy heights of the Lovćen, the domes of Cattaro are dimly visible. Immediately in front of us rises Monte Cassone, as grim and barren as its neighbours, with, at its base, literally clinging to it, the little town of Perasto. So steep is the mountain-side that the houses rise above each



GENERAL VIEW OF PERASTO

Showing the Venetian Palaces bordering the Gulf of Cattaro

other tier upon tier like the seats of some divine amphitheatre of which the walls are more than three thousand feet high, and the arena a sea of azure, clear as crystal and smooth as a sheet of glass.

On closer inspection Perasto is no less attractive, for it is an old Venetian town

and composed almost exclusively of Venetian Renaissance palaces. The town is dominated—as much as a town can be dominated with a three thousand foot wall at its back—by a graceful campanile, with the belfry stage open and surmounted by a pyramid typical of its hundred brothers bordering the lagoons of Venice.

Orange and lemon trees, oleanders and magnolias, fill the gardens of Perasto, giving to it by their confused and ever-changing mass of colour a character different to that of other Dalmatian villages. No other place on the gulf retains its ancient houses except the stuffy old town of Cattaro, and even here they are not built on the magnificent scale of those at Perasto. One may well ask who were the people who built these handsome palaces and, incidentally, how did they come by their money? The origin of the town is obscure, although it is now certain that the earliest inhabitants were pirates; in fact Perast, as it is known by the Slav population, means pirate. Sea robbery was ever considered a highly lucrative pursuit in these parts; and the Dalmatian coast, with its fringe of islands where it was difficult for a foreigner to find his way in those days of inaccurate charts, was admirably suited to the purpose. The



PERASTO

The Market Square, Churches and Campanile. In the background the Castle of Santa Croce backed by the Monte Cassone

ownership of a small harbour tucked away in some creek brought in more money than vast territories on the mainland, and this pleasant profession was resorted to by the highest in the country. All ships, from the Orient to the northern parts of the Adriatic, were forced to sail close to the east coast by reason of the prevailing current which flows northward to Istria and, turning in the Gulf of Trieste, flows southward down the Italian coast to Brindisi. It was chiefly this constant menace to their trade which forced the Doges to undertake the conquest of the islands and the Gulf of Cattaro, including Perasto.

But long before this, in the twelfth century, when the Hungarians ruled the Bocche, Perasto was large enough to send 150 armed soldiers to aid King Ladislaus I. Though the people of the gulf were born (if dishonest) seafarers they could not hope to resist the fleet of Venice, and, indeed, they seem to have relied in their defence on chains stretched across the third strait which I have already mentioned, and which leads into the two innermost lakes. It is still called "Le Cattene," meaning the chains. The relations between Cattaro and Perasto do not appear to have been very friendly at this time. When, in 1368, Vittor Pisani effectually broke through the chains the Perastini rose as one man and joined him in a raid on their neighbour. It is even said that they rushed off to the market-place immediately the Cattarini surrendered, and painted up the Lion of St. Mark on all the public buildings. Their early conversion made them bigots to the Venetian cause!

In spite of this Perasto did not definitely become subject to the republic till 1420 (nor Cattaro till 1428), but once Venetian they remained so uninterruptedly right up to 1797. The medieval history of Perasto is that of one long struggle against the Turks, for the latter in 1483 had managed to capture Castelnuovo, the Gibraltar of the gulf. This they occupied till 1538, when they were besieged by the Spaniards and Venetians, who were, however, driven out again in the following year by Barbarossa. The castle then remained Turkish for close on 250 years. It was to Perasto and Cattaro what it would have been to London if Chatham had been in the possession of our most hated enemy. However,



THE UNFINISHED CHURCH AND VENETIAN CAMPANILE OF 1691

Perasto, a Dead Venetian City in Yugo-Slavia

it was not till 1687 that Castelnovo was finally rid of the Turk, and then only after a fierce struggle with the Venetians and Maltese under Cornaro. It is extraordinary that the development of the inner ports on the Bocche was not greatly hampered by this foreign occupation, and it is a miracle that precisely during this time Perasto reached the zenith of her prosperity. She sent three representatives called *ambasciatori* to Venice, and her trade flourished with the East, with all the ports of the Mediterranean and even with far-away England. Members of the great Venetian families who came to Cattaro as governors, such as Balbi, Pesaro, Bembo, and Morosini, intermarried with the Perastini. Everybody became rich, and every family built itself a palace suited to its dignity. It is the remains of these—the houses of the Ballovič, Burovič, Viscovič (one of whom married a Manin), Bassič, Peroevič, Cismai Raicovič,



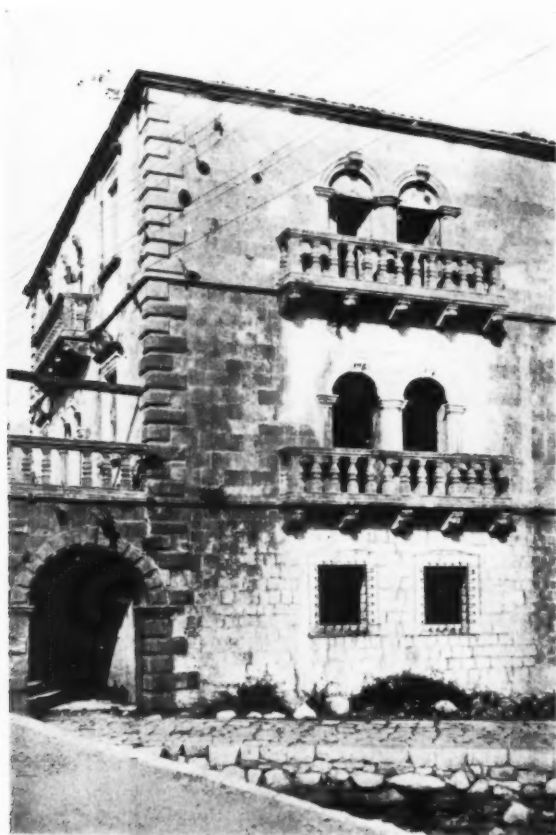
THE PALAZZO SMECCHIA
The Portico

Studenj, and Smeccchia—which make Perasto unique.

One may wander in and out amongst these palaces, down the little alleys just as in Venice, discovering a good doorway, a fine window or wrought-iron railing at every turn. The streets are quite as narrow as those of the mother city, and for much the same reason—lack of space; but whereas at Venice it is the greed of the Adriatic, here it is the cold shoulder of Monte Cassone which pushes the town into the sea. Cassone means a chest, and certainly the mountain is of much the same shape, though whether this is the derivation of the name I cannot say.

There is one all-important difference between Perasto and Venice—the people! One might expect to see the distinguished owners of these stately palaces or, at least, the Marchesine and Contesine at their windows or in their gardens; but no, none are here. Have their houses become the filthy rookeries of pre-Fascist Italian cities? Have the old families given place to poor fishermen, humble workers, pedlars, tramps, or even robbers? No. Nearly all the old families are gone, there is no one to fish for, no one to work for, no one to give alms, and no one to rob. Perasto is deserted. Perasto is dead!

To look again at these luxuriant gardens with their palms, their cacti, and their semi-tropical flowers is to discover that they are growing for the most part inside the palaces their forerunners once adorned. The purple wistaria hanging in mighty festoons over that wall has its roots in a Renaissance chimney-piece thick with the soot of bygone ages and



THE PALAZZO SMECCHIA

still surmounted by the arms of its original owners—all that is left of the Palace of the Vucasevič!

Two-thirds of the houses in Perasto are in ruins, roofless and decayed. The walls of many are charred by fire, and some show mighty cracks, the result of earthquakes. The population has dwindled to a hundred or two, though some of the old names and titles survive. It is quite possible to buy a fine palace (complete with roof!) for less than a hundred pounds.

High up at the back of the town rises a wall some 70 ft. in height, all that is standing of the sixteenth-century castle of Santa Croce built to defend Perasto from the Turks. It must not be forgotten that not only were the latter at Castelnuovo, but also, a bare league away at Bisano, where they fortified the high pass to Montenegro. They even built a fort upon the very summit of Monte Cassone, which is still haunted (it is said) by brigands, perhaps descendants of the early Perastini, now forced to ply their trade on land instead of sea. It was in 1654 that the Turks launched the most severe attack on Perasto. The assault was made by over six thousand men, and it is much to the credit of the town that they were repulsed. Moreover, the enemy banner was captured, and to this day hangs in the parish church.

The Perastini were renowned for their bravery, and so much was their loyalty to

Venice esteemed that they were made the hereditary guardians of the banner of St. Mark. Twelve members of the best families were chosen for the guard. They wore a special uniform and a long black cloak. Before setting out to war they were blessed by the Abbot

of San Giorgio and went through various ceremonies, such as receiving the Sword and Staff. Each had the title of "Fedelissima Gonfaloniera," and the banner they carried showed the winged lion of St. Mark against a red ground bordered with yellow. It is said that this privilege was granted after Vittor Pisani's attack on Cattaro in 1368, but it is believed they enjoyed a similar right before this with regard to the Hungarian and Serbian standards. At all events, it was to the Venetians that their allegiance was strongest, and so intermingled was their patriotism with their religion that at the fall of the republic in 1797 the banner of St. Mark was buried with touching ceremony in the church under the high altar.

In the Little Square of Perasto, perched on a column, stands a tiny lion of stone. With its right paw it holds the book, and beside it stands a pennon typifying the ancient privilege of the Perastini. The lion is more like a dog than the king of beasts, and has almost the expression of Carpaccio's basilisk. It is laughing to itself, and is, no doubt, pleased to be the last "fedelissima gonfaloniera."



THE LION OF ST. MARK

Showing the pennon typifying the ancient privilege of the town, "Fedelissima Gonfaloniera"

Perasto, a Dead Venetian City in Yugo-Slavia

Other Venetian lions, some with the book shut, if erected in time of war, exist in Dalmatia, at Cattaro, Spalato, Trau, Sebenico, and Zara; but all are of the usual bas-relief type, and none are so attractive as this, the smallest of them all.

Immediately behind stands the church or rather churches, for there are two: the one partly of the sixteenth century, but with no architectural pretensions, and the other a large Palladian edifice of about 1650. The gaunt, unfinished choir and transepts, somewhat in the style of Longhena and Santa Maria della Salute, rise like some weird triumphal arch behind the older building, as for some reason the new church was never completed, and the earlier one is still in use. Attention was diverted, as were, presumably, all the funds, to the campanile which, though not more than 130 ft. high,

is so slender as to appear of much greater elevation. It was finished in 1691, and bears the inscription "Anno Salutis 1691 Johannis Bapt Scarpæ protomag. opus," but was restored some thirty years ago, also partly refaced, as the Dinaric stone of which it is built does not withstand the sea air. Another campanile, that of the little ruined chapel of San Nicola, is in a more precarious condition and at present rather unsafe. It is octagonal, open,

not more than 30 ft. high, and as charming a creation of the later Renaissance as any in the country. Nearby stands the castle, entirely surrounded by deserted palaces, one of which belonged to Archbishop Zmajević of Zara, who arranged the great emigration of Christian

Albanians to Borgo Erizzo.

Very few names of the architects employed at Perasto have survived. In the seventeenth century, according to a document preserved in the archives at Ragusa, Promastro Elia di Ragusa was asked to make a plan for the Palazzo Pubblico, but nothing seems to have come of it. We know also that the Palazzo Burovic was built by Giovanni Fonta in 1694. The majority of the palaces date from the middle of the seventeenth century, though a few are earlier. In them pure Venetian influence, quite distinct from that of Ragusa or Spalato, is



STAGNANT WATERS

very strong, though in the façade of one dated 1506 is sunk a typical Florentine bas-relief representing the Annunciation. It is curious that there are no Gothic remains in Perasto, for there are several houses with fine traceried windows of early Venetian type in Cattaro. The great families did not settle in Perasto until the new style had completely superseded the old.

By far the handsomest palace is that of the

patrician family of Smecchia. It originally stood right on the sea with the portico sheltering a flight of steps leading down to the water. Several of the Perasto houses were originally constructed on this principle, and some had little ornamental breakwaters to protect their boats in rough weather. In recent times, however, a new road was made all along the northern coast of the gulf, and this has cut off the palaces from the sea. The Palazzo Smecchia has suffered badly from this. No good general view of the front can be obtained, and the portico has now no *raison d'être*. The arms of the family may be seen in the centre, and lions of white marble on the balustrade above support similar heraldic shields. Alas! the interior of the house is in a pitiable condition, though some of the old ceilings remain. The exterior decoration is simple and dignified. The windows of the central façade are square-headed, except for two in the middle which are round-headed. Those at the side, also round-headed and coupled, are provided with stone balconies, resting on corbels joined at the base by string-courses. The balconies, not only of the Perasto houses but those of other villages on the gulf, are most remarkable and often of great beauty. Sometimes they are the only relief to a perfectly plain façade, and with their solid balusters richly sculptured are so heavy as to weigh down the houses they are meant to adorn. Another peculiarity of the domestic baroque in this neighbourhood is the pair of pierced brackets at the side of each window, originally intended to hold sunblinds. There are many at Budua, Persagno, and Stolivo.

No description of Perasto would be complete without some mention of the little islets, San Giorgio and La Madonna del Scarpello (the Chisel), which lie just off the mainland. They resemble two ships drifting aimlessly in the gulf: the one a black ship, with tall cypresses for masts, and the other silver, with its white church glittering in the sun. San Giorgio once possessed the oldest Benedictine monastery in

Dalmatia, but this was destroyed in the Turkish raid of 1654. Lately a Greek church has been built out of the ruins, and now with its wealth of greenery is just such an island as Arnold Böcklin would have conceived. La Madonna del Scarpello owed its foundation to one of the many miracle-working pictures for which St. Luke is held responsible. It was taken in 1452 from Negroponte, but the present church was not erected till 1628. Originally there was not room for a building of this size, and the island as it now stands is in great part artificial, cartloads of earth and stones having been shipped over by the religious Perastini.

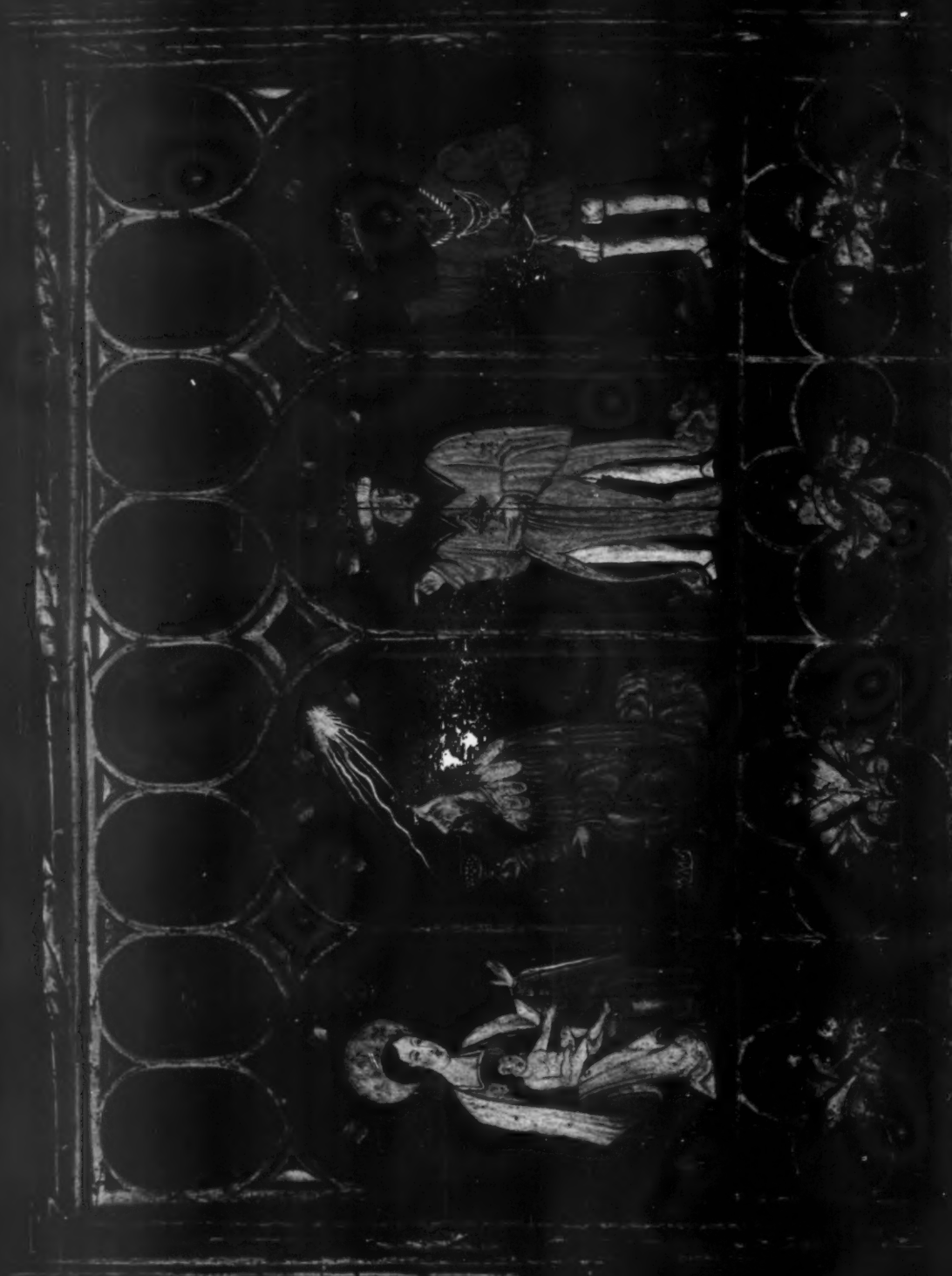
La Madonna del Scarpello is also interesting as containing practically the only remaining work of a local seventeenth-century artist rejoicing in the name of Cocoglia Trifoni di Perasto. His frescoes are deteriorating rapidly, and it is impossible to endorse a contemporary criticism stating that the figures were "worthy of the highest praise as much for the beauty of the proportions as for the vivacity of expression." The gestures, like most other work of his date, are exaggerated and meaningless. Trifoni, like other Istrian or Dalmatian artists from Carpaccio to Girolamo da Santa Croce, is known to have studied in Venice, but from his style of painting it is highly probable that he also went to Bologna. On his return he apparently remained in his native town all the rest of his life. There is an altar-piece of his, the "Vergine del Rosario," in the Dominican Church at Cattaro. Trifoni's works are very rare; he died in 1713 when only fifty-two years old, and, as the gulf has been through many

vicissitudes since his day, practically no pictures remain in the churches. If a local school of painting had ever materialized it would have been of a remarkably hybrid nature, for we have already seen how in early days Castelnuovo was visited in turn by Romans, Serbs, Hungarians, Spaniards, Maltese, and Venetians.



LA MADONNA DEL SCARPELLO





AN EARLY ENGLISH PICTURE

By TANCRED BORENIUS and E. W. TRISTRAM

THE two principal districts in England which to this day contain considerable numbers of late fifteenth- or early sixteenth-century paintings on church screens are East Anglia and Devonshire. The Devonshire screen paintings are probably less widely known than those of Norfolk and Suffolk, though they are no strangers to the literature on art. It is now exactly thirty years since Mr. C. E. Keyser read a substantial paper on them to the Society of Antiquaries,

Exeter and Totnes, among the finest being the screens at Ashton, Plymtree, and Wolborough. It is, however, extremely rare to come across individual sections of these screens divorced from their original setting; and considerable interest attaches for this reason to the specimen here reproduced in colour by the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Max Rothschild.

Little is known concerning the history of this picture, but it is said to have been found by a previous owner in Devonshire. Hence



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI AT BUCKLAND-IN-THE-MOOR

subsequently publishing it in "*Archæologia*,"* and about a decade later Mr. F. Bligh Bond and the Rev. Dom Bede Camm treated of the same subject at even greater length in their book on Roodscreens and Roodlofts.†

At the present time one finds roodscreens and church screens scattered across the whole of Devonshire; but the majority of them is, however, concentrated in the district between

there is an external reason for connecting this work with the school of Devonshire screen painters; and considerations of style point unambiguously in the same direction. It will be seen that the subject is the "Adoration of the Magi," the composition being continued frieze-like through four arched panels, and disposed with no little sense of rhythmical sequence and silhouetting. Now, continuous compositions of this type are extremely rare on the Norfolk roodscreens, where the panels almost invariably contain single figures entirely unconnected with their neighbours as regards dramatic action; but of the Devonshire

* C. E. Keyser, "On the Panel Paintings of Saints on the Devonshire Screens," in *Archæologia*, second series, vol. vi, 1898, pp. 183-222.

† F. Bligh Bond and the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, *Roodscreens and Roodlofts*, 1909, vol. ii, pp. 207-374.

screens the feature referred to is eminently characteristic.

The "Adoration of the Magi" occurs on three Devonshire screens still extant, namely, at Buckland-in-the-Moor, at Plymtree, and at Ugborough. We reproduce an outline drawing of the composition at Buckland-in-the-Moor, from which it will be seen that the scheme of composition is practically identical with that of the present picture. In this, beginning from the left, we have in the first panel the Virgin seated, with the Infant Christ on her lap; then one of the Magi, kneeling, and offering his gift, his crown lying before him on the ground; next, another of the Magi, pointing to the Child, and turning to his companion, the Moorish King, in the last compartment (at Buckland-in-the-Moor, however, the two last figures look the same way). In the screen at Plymtree* the scheme is closely similar,

* Reproduced in Bond and Camm, *op. cit.*, plate lxxii.

though the crown on the ground in front of the first king is missing; and the similarity also extends to the woodcarving. The description given by Mr. Keyser of the Ugborough "Adoration"* makes it clear that this composition also conforms with what was evidently the approved Devonshire scheme for the pictorial rendering of this subject.

The technique of Mr. Rothschild's picture is the usual one for the paintings of this type, it being executed in oil on panel, with a free and flowing brush. As to its date, it may be assigned with some probability to the time about 1515-20: the period, that is, of most of the East Anglian and Devonshire screen pictures, of which we may say, in conclusion, speaking generally, that while they undoubtedly show evidence of Flemish influence, they yet possess a distinctive English character of their own.

* C. E. Keyser, *op. cit.*, p. 199.

BOOK REVIEWS



SELF-PORTRAIT
Jan Steen

JAN STEEN*
THE time is past when the Dutch genre painters were looked upon as great masters, but their power to fascinate lives on, and the present publication is a brilliant testimony to the vital qualities in the art of the most jovial

painter that Holland and the seventeenth century produced. It may be more difficult for us today to enter into the spirit of the Dutch tavern fun of that age than it was, say, in the eighteenth century, and that is one of the reasons why these painters are losing the enormous popularity they once

enjoyed. But as a study of manners and, above all, of humanity, Steen's work remains incomparable.

The authors of this book make no attempt at offering anything new in the way of history, biography, or criticism, nor do they repeat what is already common property. The letterpress is entirely an appreciation, and is fittingly centred round the beautifully produced photo-gravure plates, many of which illustrate pictures in private ownership, and therefore little known to the general public. The quality of these reproductions shows up Steen's detail, his use of light, and his sense of texture admirably, and the monochrome effect is less to be regretted here than it would have been in the case of a greater colourist. Yet it is not so much the pictorial qualities of his work that are insisted on in the text, as his astonishing dramatic power. That is why he is compared with Molière rather than with the other painters of his generation.

Certainly the innkeeper had a rare opportunity of observing the merry-making of his countrymen; but there were other innkeeper painters in Holland, none of whom saw quite

* *Jan Steen*. By F. SCHMIDT DEGENER and H. E. VAN GELDER. (The Bodley Head.) £2 12s. 6d.

Book Reviews

so much to laugh at in the world they were constrained to live in. After all, it was Steen's personality that accounted for the light he saw things in, and it is not surprising to find himself and his family taking the chief parts in most of the comedies he produced on his canvases. Even in that portrait where for once he kept himself from laughing, his capacity for doing so is clearly marked on his countenance. His engaging wife, Grietje van Goyen, appears in the "Zither Player" with



THE ZITHER PLAYER

Jan Steen

as provoking an expression as any man could wish; he carefully records every step in his daughter's musical and artistic education, while the frolics of his little ones provide him with his richest subjects. A man who could thus cultivate gaiety in his own home is a personality worth considering, and this new study will be a revelation to those who have so far been inclined to pass him over as having less artistic value than some of his contemporaries.



THE LESSON ON THE CLAVICHORD

Jan Steen

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

DECORATION IN THE THEATRE*

Two important books on the designing of costume and scenery for the theatre have recently appeared. Both contain numerous, admirably reproduced illustrations and lively essays from such experienced men of the theatre as Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. Nigel Playfair, and Sir Barry Jackson, and historical sections by students of the calibre of Mr. Francis Kelly, Mr. Cyril Beaumont, and Mr. James Laver. Both books, that is to say, are attractive to look at and eminently readable.

The heavy cost of "Robes of Thespis" (where many drawings introducing gold and silver are reproduced) has been met by Mr. Rupert Mason, who is well known in Lancashire cotton circles. Mr. Mason has printed a number of drawings by new designers side by side with those by established reputations, and, thanks to his generosity, the new-comers thus make their bow to theatrical managers and the general public in good company. Mr. William Nicholson, Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. Albert Rutherston, and Mr. Randolph Schwabe are among the well-known designers who have contributed; Miss Elspeth Little, Miss Phyllis Doulton, and Mrs. Spencer Curling are among the new-comers.

"Robes of Thespis" contains a hundred

designs for costumes, the great majority of which look pleasant and decorative on the page; "Design in the Theatre" contains a number of photographs of stage sets which give a fair idea of recent experiment and enterprise in scenery designing both here and on the Continent. But neither book can really be said to solve the artistic problems of the theatre,

because the art of the theatre must be born and developed in the theatre itself; it cannot be imposed upon the theatre from the outside.

The main problems connected with this art can be simply stated, though they are anything but simple of solution. The art of the drama is the written play; the art of the theatre is the creation of that which the spectator sees before his eyes. In the cinema, the principle of entire studio construction is now generally accepted. The author's script comes from outside, but it is altered and extended and generally treated as a mere jumping-off point for the construction of the

pictures. In the theatre the tradition of major contributions from outside has not been so courageously abandoned, and an unsatisfactory compromise is all too frequently the result.

The outstanding visual problem in the theatre is, of course, the reconciling of the three-dimensional moving element represented by the actors with the surrounding *décor*. In baroque times the difficulty was overcome by the erection of a perfectly solid three-dimensional structure on the stage in which the



"JEHANNE" (MIEVEAL MASK)

From "Robes of Thespis"

By Oliver Messel

* *Robes of Thespis*. Edited for Rupert Mason by George Sheringham and R. Boyd Morrison. (Benn.) *Design in the Theatre*. Special Winter Number of the *Studio*.

Book Reviews



"MRS. DUCAT"
FOR GAY'S "POLLY"

By William Nicholson
(From "Robes of Thespis")

By kind permission of the
Victoria and Albert Museum

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

actors appeared to be, and, in fact, were, moving amidst some tangible architectural interior. But when the custom of changing the scene several times in the course of the play prevailed, such three-dimensional *décors* became unpractical, and something in the nature of two-dimensional substitutes became the rule, and unity of impression was thereby destroyed. In very recent times, particularly on the Continent, attempts have been made to recapture the unity by such extremely formal dressing of the actors, sometimes with the aid of masks, that they appear to be almost as two-dimensional as the scenery; and the resources of the limelight man have been called upon to assist in the achievement of this illusion.

Visual unity is the goal both when the performance is that of a drama—where an illusion of reality is necessary in order that the spectator may be led without difficulty to accept the world on the stage as credible—and when the performance is of some episodic, decorative kind which asks the spectator to take pleasure in the phenomena before him considered fundamentally as a series of attractive pictures. Neither of the books before us draws the necessary distinction between these two kinds of performance; and the reader is left to guess whether the designs for costumes and scenery which figure in them are intended as contributions to a scheme of unity of the one kind or of the other.

This confusion is characteristic of most work in the theatre and of most discussions of the work of the theatre in our time. We have, on the one hand, artistic people who assume that the word "art" in connection with the theatre must necessarily be used for the creation of a unity of decorative effect; and we have, on the other hand, people of another kind who are mainly interested in the drama itself and would like to say that any decoration which conflicts with the dramatic unity is an excrescence and a nuisance, though they usually lack the courage to make this very sensible remark.

In "Design in the Theatre" there is a most interesting and original stage set by Mr. Ign. Nivinsky, which is described as a "Decoration for a series of short plays by Prosper Mérimée." I do not know what plays by Mérimée were intended to be performed in this *décor*, nor can I gather from the book how the actors were intended to be dressed; but I do know that a stage scene so arbitrarily conventional in its architectural symbolism can

only be effective if the actors' silhouettes are as arbitrarily designed, and if the text of the play is either of the same formal character or of no importance at all. The scene, in fact, is a setting for a pantomime or ballet; there is no drama conceivable with which it would be possible to make it coalesce.

We have here, I think, one of the weak spots in recent developments in the theatre. The business of designing stage scenery is



DANTE MASK

Designed by
Norman-Bel Geddes

(From "Design in the Theatre")

regarded as the business of an artist. Consequently stage scenery reflects the main artistic tendency of the time. That tendency is, as is well known, to regard architecture as the root essential of art and to cut architecture to its very bones. Many stage sets designed by intelligent artists, who have played and are playing an important part in this artistic renaissance, are little more than propaganda for this principle in art, and as such they are only suitable for a ballet or a pantomime (that is a play without words) where the unity aimed at is really the unity of a picture.

Nivinsky's design is, however, particularly interesting because in result it is not unlike some of the sets designed for M. Pitoëff's productions, though the scenes in those productions are always evolved in quite another way. M. Pitoëff, who is the cleverest producer

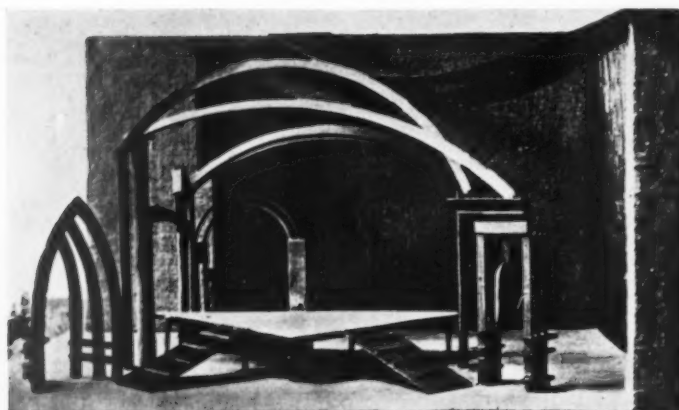
Book Reviews



COSTUME DESIGN FOR
MARLOWE'S "DR. FAUSTUS"

(From "Robes of Thespis")

By the late
Claude Lovat Fraser



DECORATION FOR A SERIES OF SHORT PLAYS
By Prosper Mérimée

(From "Design in the Theatre")

Designed by
Ign. Nivinsky

in Europe, worked for some years in a tiny theatre in Geneva, and has gone recently to Paris, where his work has been a great success. He has not yet been seen in London, but when he comes here his productions should do much to clarify the air. M. Pitoeff started from the plain fact that in the modern theatre a number of changes of scene are essential, and that these changes of scene must be rapid and cheap to effect. He therefore concentrated on scenery which would be frankly symbolic, but which at the same time would not be propaganda for any pictorial artistic group. He takes the play and each scene in the play, and places it, as it were, on an empty darkened stage and then proceeds, by the simplest means, to convince the spectator that the actors are in this or that environment. I remember one scene where a man and woman are supposed to be sitting on the beach. M. Pitoeff put down a yellow floor-cloth, behind that a deep green cloth, near the bottom of the cloth was a curling line of cotton wool, and with judicious lighting the illusion was very reasonably complete. Had the back cloth attempted any suggestion of waves other than the waved line of foam the spectator would have demanded more realism and the illusion would have been destroyed. An idea of this kind can only be evolved within the theatre itself, and for a particular scene. M. Pitoeff's system is also one which the spectator is more likely to accept in a repertory theatre than in a theatre of the ordinary kind.

This kind of frank creation of illusion *ad hoc* is one solution of the problem. The other is, perhaps, Mr. Craig's solution of something like a return to the formal

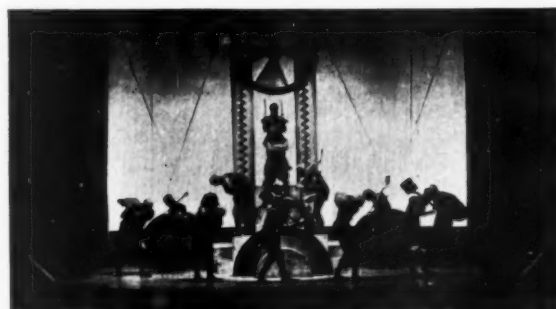
three-dimensional constructions of the baroque stage. But M. Pitoeff's method has the advantage of being equally successful in both decorative and dramatic productions, whereas Mr. Craig's has a tendency to fail in the case of modern plays, largely perhaps because his main interest is in poetic drama.

Recently we have seen another solution offered by Sir Barry Jackson, who has given us poetic drama in a modern setting with modern clothes. In Sir Barry's "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" we have a unity between the costume and the *décor*, and we found to our surprise that

this unity embraced the action and psychology of the drama to a remarkable extent. What we were asked to accept as an illusion in those productions was Shakespeare's poetry. In M. Pitoeff's productions we are asked to imagine from the scenery that the drama is taking place in certain circumstances. In Sir Barry's productions our imagination was called upon to make us believe that people in those clothes and those surroundings, impelled by those motives to act in that way, might conceivably speak in the Shakespearean diction.

Most of the brilliant group of artists contributing to the books before us have been trained as painters, and for this reason they tend to attempt to translate their own pictures into terms of the theatre; and it may be that it is Mr. Victor Hembrow, who started as a maker of models, and after serving a long apprenticeship executing other artists' designs has now started to design himself, who is really the best-equipped of all who serve the theatre.

R. H. W.



SCENE FROM "THE INSECT PLAY"
FESTIVAL THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE

Designed by
Michael Hampton

Book Reviews



PROJECT FOR THE CASTLE IN "MACBETH"

(From the special Winter Number of the "Studio"—"Design in the Theatre")

By Laurence Bradshaw

KINDERSPIELZEUG AUS ALTER
ZEIT *

IN his preface to this absorbingly interesting book the author tells us that his aim has been, not only to give a survey of children's toys *im Kulturkreise des Abendlandes* and its formal development from antiquity to modern times, but also to stimulate those who either wish themselves to produce toys or to give them as presents to children.

Whether these secondary aims will be fulfilled may perhaps be doubted. Toy making and toy giving—in so far as there is any conscious discrimination exercised by the giver—are matters of inherent predispositions and really do not require any educative preparation.

On the other hand, perusal of



EGYPTIAN BREAD KNEADER



MARIONETTE

Linz Museum

these pages with their delightful illustrations, many of which are in colour, is as pleasant an entertainment as one could wish for. It conjures up visions of the past more vividly than contemplation of the more important remains of bygone ages. In fact, the associative interest is far greater than the æsthetic pleasure one receives, although in some cases—as for instance in the Egyptian Bread Kneader of about 2000 B.C. (which is here illustrated)—the dynamic lines expressing the kinetic action are extraordinarily satisfying in their plain visibility. Occasionally, as in a French doll of the end of the sixteenth century, the doll maker has, we feel, taken an unfair advantage by giving the figure a copy of Donatello's well-known "Laughing Boy." In many cases the dolls are obviously more intended for adults and, therefore, far from infantile in their psychology. See, for instance, the French doll of the eighteenth century (Fig. 93), or the Nürnberg doll (Fig. 105). The other doll (here illustrated) is in this respect remarkable, but it is a marionette and, therefore, hardly comes under the heading of real children's toys. One could continue this commentary almost indefinitely, for these things have the peculiarity of leading one's mind "from one thing to another." Mr. Groeber's text is both informative and readable, and the book is well produced.

MENTAL HANDICAPS IN ART †

DR. HYSLOP, who has already done a similar work for golfers in which he has approached the problems of the golf-course through the pathological fairway, in this little

* *Kinderspielzeug aus Alter Zeit*. By VON KARL GROEBER. (Deutscher Kunstverlag, Berlin.)

† *Mental Handicaps in Art*. By THEO. B. HYSLOP. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox.) 3s. 6d. net.

Book Reviews

book boldly attacks the citadel of the Muses. Or, rather, he subjects it to an artillery preparation for an attack which he never presses home. In general, he confines himself to art in its more limited meaning of painting, and he lets drop a number of remarks about the sense of sight, both in its physiological and pathological aspects, which will be new to most people. Red, for instance, is a colour which appeals to hysterical humans as well as exciting the sensory-motor mechanism of bulls to strong reactions. Good painters (like good cricketers or billiard players) should use both eyes. (Can the flatness of Chinese and Japanese art be accounted for by the fact that ball games have never been pursued in the Far East?) But the most interesting chapter of the book, which deals with the influence of toxins, and a good deal of the rest of the book, applies to all the arts. Dr. Hyslop's chief fault is that he is too fond of generalizations, and wastes time and space in stressing the obvious. He trains his gun here and there and never seems quite sure what his real objective is. Thus it was unnecessary to give up a whole chapter to the correlation between art and industry. All great artists have worked hard, or if they have been idle their greatness has been proportionately less than it might otherwise have been. Arthur Sullivan, Oscar Wilde are two cases in point. If painters are the most industrious of those who serve the arts, they are the most easily corrupted by success. Occasionally Dr. Hyslop runs off into generalizations that are palpably false. He is quite wrong, for example, about the "soul of Britain" (an abominable expression!) being unmusical. The Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, whom he cites as encouraging art, were not less generous patrons of music. Edward IV's Royal choir was the most efficient musical organization in Europe, and marked one of the high points in a development which vitally influenced Western music for over three centuries.

SIXTEEN DESIGNS FOR THE THEATRE *

OPINIONS as to the practical value of Mr. Albert Rutherston's *Designs for the Theatre* may possibly be divided—though those who

remember his "Winter's Tale," produced by Mr. Granville Barker in 1912, will ever treasure its memory—but there can be no two opinions about this delightful book: it is *qua* book production one of the most admirable publications of recent years. That Mr. Rutherston's designs would look well in book form was not only a foregone conclusion, but the artist himself hints that therein possibly might be found a cause for criticism in respect of their practical application. "I must plead," he says in his introduction, "for these designs therefore the excuse of lack of experience in a medium involving the grasp of a hundred questions not normally related to design as such. I cannot pretend that in a longer time and with further experience they could not have been bettered." The author, it will be seen, is very modest, so much so that one wishes to contradict him. His preface is, in fact, so free from "hot air," so appreciative of the achievements of his contemporaries, so informative, that it takes its place by the side of the reproductions of the drawings as a work of art of at least equal rank.

H. F.

THE NEW GROVE *

THE whole of the new Grove has now appeared, and since there have not been wanting critics to point out its defects and inaccuracies, one need not cover the same ground again. Like all revisions of a work of reference, it infallibly suffers from the sins of its past. Mr. Colles has been faced with the problem of patching up something already in existence and he has consequently not had a free hand to shape the dictionary anew. The result is that a good many things have been allowed to remain which ought to have been cut down, or rewritten, and composers who have arrived since the mid-Victorian era have to jostle one another to find elbow-room. Even so, one meets with curious examples of editorial generosity and niggardliness. Serov, who hardly occupies a second-rate position in nineteenth-century music, has three columns, and Rimsky-Korsakov only five, the same as Ravel. Schumann is given seventy-five! True, it is Sir George Grove's, and piety doubtless prevented Mr. Colles from disturbing the

* *Sixteen Designs for the Theatre*. By ALBERT RUTHERSTON. With an Introduction. (Oxford University Press.) £4 14s. 6d. net.

* *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Third Edition. Edited by H. C. COLLES, M.A. (Oxon). (Macmillan & Co.) Five volumes. 30s. each net.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

work of the originator and first editor of the dictionary. At the same time it suggests the question whether the old Grove has not done its work, and whether it would not have been wiser to begin from the beginning.

The fact is that in the past fifty years the whole status of musical scholarship has altered, and the production of a musical encyclopædia, which shall be really representative of our time, has grown beyond the powers of any one editor, particularly when he cannot even give his whole time to the task. It is the sort of work which belongs to endowed scholarship, and it is rather to be wondered at that no American millionaire has yet come forward to make the publication of such an encyclopædia possible.

In the meantime, and until this happens, the new Grove will occupy, as the saying goes, a place on the shelves of every music scholar's library, and will hold the same indispensable position as a work of reference which the second edition has done for one-and-twenty years. If it is not such a monument of accurate scholarship as, for instance, the "Encyclopædia Biblica," edited by Professor Cheyne, which stands as a model of what such a semi-popular, semi-scientific work of reference should be, it has no rival in its own sphere.

TWO GREAT COMPOSERS

MOZART, by DYNELEY HUSSEY (Masters of Music Series). (Kegan Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.

HENRY PURCELL, by DENNIS ARUNDELL, M.A., Mus.B., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. (Oxford University Press; Humphrey Milford.) 3s. 6d. net.

THOUGH Mozart's reputation has been steadily rising in England for the past thirty years, it is a curious fact that hitherto we have had no English life of him except that by Holmes and, of course, the translation of the original Jahn. This lacuna has now been filled by Mr. Dyneley Hussey, whose "Mozart" (in the Masters of Music Series) is a most admirable piece of work. It could have been no easy task to give, within the modest limits at his disposal, a picture of Mozart in the various phases of his chequered, though perhaps not unhappy career, which should omit nothing essential and should also contain a modicum of criticism sufficient at least to indicate the principal stages in the master's development. He has done so, however, with a skill that makes his book the most entertaining musical biography which has been published in this country within my recollection. Mr. Hussey owes his success to various reasons. He is to start with a Mozartian who is inspired with the affection that only Mozartians know—the sane, tempered, and yet profound enthusiasm

which Mozart alone of the great masters can excite. To those who know him he is "the only Athenian who ever wrote music." The heroics of Beethoven, the sensuous splendour of Wagner, have created more aggressive partisans. Beethoven who is always ready to emphasize our kinship with the stars, Wagner our kinship with the gods, both possess a certain arrogance from which Mozart is entirely free. Mozart was never anything more than a musician; music, he considered, should please and charm, echoing in its moods those we feel. It should be grave or gay, solemn or light-hearted, but it should not try and be something more than itself. At least, if he ever thought about it, his conclusions would have been to this effect. And that is how Mozart is presented to us here. Then again, Mr. Hussey, grasping the essential nature of his subject, is able to talk about him with the freedom that faith allows. As your Jesuit jokes about holy things in a way which may seem shocking to one who has a less firm hold on the creeds, so Mr. Hussey feels under no compulsion to veil incidents in Mozart's career which the canons of propriety caused Jahn to glide over. As regards Mozart's own character, one finds here the sensible view that it was neither much better, nor worse, than that of the average of his class and station. Vienna, then as now, had liberal ideas of conduct. Life was to be lived and enjoyed; it was, of course, a serious thing, but not gloomy as the Puritanism of the North would have it. All this is brought out in the book before us. One of the features which adds to its liveliness is Mr. Hussey's treatment of the subsidiary characters. He makes out a good case for his indictment of Leopold Mozart, who was certainly shameless in the exploitation of his children's gifts. Undoubtedly Wolfgang's constitutional debility—partly pre-natal, for only two of the seven children survived infancy—was increased by the excessive fatigues and excitement of his continual travelling in youth and boyhood. Against this, one must, however, place the ceaseless trouble which Leopold took with Wolfgang's musical education, for which there is no parallel in the history of music. Mr. Hussey admits that "the complete self-control in all those things which seemed to him of importance," he owed to his father's discipline. No small debt indeed, and posterity for that alone must hold Leopold in honour. On the other hand, the Archbishop Hieronymus, hitherto the villain of the piece, is given a decent coat of whitewash, and again Mr. Hussey's special pleading makes us feel that the worthy man is only receiving his due. At the same time, the Archbishop did not realize the world-hero who was on his musical staff and allowed others to treat him with harshness and injustice, so that he cannot escape playing the rôle of the Pontius Pilate of musical history. But the reader must go to Mr. Hussey himself; whether one agrees or disagrees with his conclusions, the process is equally pleasant.

Mr. Dennis Arundell's manual on Purcell belongs to a different category, but is also well done. There is no room here for literary graces. Mr. Arundell is out to convey information, appreciation and criticism, and does this so effectively that one could find one's way quite comfortably about Purcell's works with this as guide. It contains a number of musical illustrations, but lacks any table of the composer's works with which, it should be said, the Mozart life is provided.

H. E. WORTHAM

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

TWO artistic events have rejoiced the critics' hearts. I mean those critics who might fear having to call themselves already old critics and who remain, by an extraordinary decree of Providence, if not very fresh critics, at any rate the critics of young painting. But let us be precise. I do not say that these critics, the veterans of the artistic battles of 1905-1910, have, in order to rejuvenate themselves, found an entirely new school of painting to exalt. The case is precisely the opposite. The genuinely young artists—those who are young by nature—content themselves, as I have already said, in following more or less piously the masters who were revolutionaries in 1905-1910 and who have barely passed the momentous line of maturity. The fatal consequence is that very few new critics have appeared. Writers on aesthetics, and poets who would have leaped to the defence of an art profoundly representative of their age, abstain and leave us to speak. Better still, if by chance a critic of less than forty has made his appearance the painters of his generation neglect him in order to adjure the veterans to interest themselves in their enterprise. None of this is very profitable for a rejuvenation.

That which favours us, who confess all the same to being veterans, who were the friends of Picasso, of Vlaminck, of Derain in the days of their youth, gives us, nevertheless, a certain melancholy. But what, then, are the two events which have rejoiced us so greatly? They are the fine exhibition of Georges Kars and the publication of a work on Emile-Othon Friesz, prefaced by the poets, Charles Vildrac and Fernand Fleuret, I myself having added a few fraternal lines.

These two events take us back to the atmosphere of old Montmartre when it still had waste lands, and that Maquis which today is the splendid Avenue Junot—a sort of permanent exhibition of emancipated architecture, a city of glory and luxury where Daraguès has built himself a house on the proceeds of his editions for book-lovers; where Suzanne Valadon—formerly an acrobat at the Cirque

Fernando, and a model of Degas's, a good painter of nudes—has acquired a palace which she shares with her son Utrillo, who possesses a château in the Lyonnais worthy of one of Walter Scott's heroes; Utrillo who, in 1905, offered the wine merchant of the Butte a landscape for a bottle of claret!

Let me hasten to add that not a single critic, not even the one who has been most accused of trafficking, has been

able to build himself so much as a bourgeois villa in the heart or on the confines of the opulent city of the painters who have arrived.

The survivors of an heroic youth will recall to their memory the arrival of Georges Kars in Paris. He was at once mixed up in the finest adventures. He played his part in the tragi-comedies of the *bateau-lavoir*, that Montmartre phalanstery of young painting.

Though his age has forced him to lead a less chaotic existence, Kars has nevertheless remained faithful to Montmartre. We all knew that he could never forsake it. When Picasso, when Van Dongen deserted it, when the poets emigrated also,

Kars joined the new group that succeeded in the hall of the little café of Ami Emile.

The Café de l'Ami Emile opened its door at the foot of the granite steps which led to the Place Ravignan (today Place Emile Gondeau), where Picasso had his studio in the little wooden hut which also housed Van Dongen before the worldly successes of Cannes and Deauville. It was at l'Ami Emile that Jean Metzinger theorized for Picasso, who paid no attention and had, moreover, moved away; it was there that Albert Gleizes invented scientific Cubism—a learned discovery which he wished all the same to make a present of to the people, confounding thus in the same candid and gratuitous love the fourth dimension and the third international. The good-natured friend Emile allowed these gentlemen to practise on his walls. Marcoussis produced marvels on them. But today I am not concerned with the united Cubists.

It is owing to the effects of his astonishing modesty that Georges Kars has put off his first exhibition till 1928.



LA CALANQUE

By Emile-Othon Friesz



FEMME AU PERROQUET

Georges Kars

His fortune has not gained by this. The authority of Kars would be greater if he had taken pains regularly to show the power that is in him and that no one will henceforth dare to deny. This fine painter's participation in the great collective exhibitions of the salons has, nevertheless, won him respect. For a long time Kars has belonged (and by nothing but his age) to the five or six audacious painters who have attempted vast compositions which the classicists, romanticists, and realists of the time of Courbet, whose centenary we are celebrating, would have consented to call "pictures." The "Finding of Moses," by Kars, is one of the masterpieces of his generation. It is regrettable that this finished painting continues to do penance in the artist's studio, when it ought to be in the Luxembourg or in a State gallery at Prague, whence Kars came, to be caught up in the daring movement of modern French painting.

Kars is certainly the only painter of his age who, having at a certain period felt the influence of Henri-Matisse, has pushed the discoveries of the master of "Colour Volume" very much farther in the direction of pure construction. However, Cubism has left him very free, and his anxiety about integral associated forms has not affected the sentiment that so voluptuously dominates his already considerable achievement, which the most prudent, the most reserved critics will be obliged to enter into their classifications.

As for Friesz, I have spoken of him at too great a length in my preceding letters for it to be profitable to return to him again so soon. I will only add that this learned painter, whom the Germans would readily call *museal* in spite of the extreme liberty of his line and his touch, has the singular power of evoking the candours of folklore. I have

never been able to look at his masterpiece, "Le Pêcheur" without at the same time seeing the fine frigate lovingly moulded on the clay pipes sold at St. Malo; just as I have never been able to smoke that maritime cutty facing the sea without thinking to see the "Pêcheur" of my friend Friesz appear on the horizon.

Now I must speak of the centenary of Gustave Courbet. You will be mistaken if you expect the description of imposing official ceremonies. The constituted bodies did not assemble at the foot of the Colonne Vendôme, which was knocked down in 1871 by the comrade Courbet—an act which caused him to suffer exile to Switzerland rather than pay the bill for its re-erection. It appears that the Government is still sulking, mistrusting the insurgent even in his tomb. This is all the more excessive since "little history"—that of memoirs, correspondence, and records published too late—has corrected the great official history and revealed to us that it was not at all Gustave Courbet who hurled down the imperial column of bronze to the applause of the National Guards in revolt against Versailles. All that can be said is that Courbet was on the committee that sanctioned the demolition. It appears that the culprit was a young engineer, a Christopher Columbus of applied geometry, who had the idea of sawing the monument in cones. This secured for him a large sum for the time, and after the suppression of the Commune it did not prevent him from occupying an official position. Who knows if he did not take an interesting part in the re-erection of the column? He would in that case have acquired another large sum!

Gustave Courbet has only been honoured in 1928 with an intelligent exhibition, numerous articles in the reviews—mostly very thoughtful—and an arresting study by M. Georges Lecomte, of the Académie Française, published by the "Journal." This courageous friend of the Impressionists is the only official who has summoned the officials to do full justice to the painter of the "Funeral at Ornans."

There was also the visit of M. Alfred Flechtheim, who proposes to transport to Berlin the retrospective exhibition from the Galerie Hodebert.

Some years before the war the Théâtre de l'Odéon gave "Glatigny," a play in verse by the late Catulle Mendès, in which, in the scene of the Brasserie des Martyrs and its Bohemians, Gustave Courbet appeared in person. The painter and poet, Max Jacob, climbing on to his seat in the stalls, summoned the actor entrusted with the part to silence, not allowing "the admirable Courbet to be made to say such nonsense."

Max Jacob was amusing himself. He knew perfectly well that the theories given to Courbet, who was, indeed, admirable, were indeed nonsense. He was just as well aware of the real stupidity of Courbet, an elementary schoolboy, whom vanity had made quite idiotic. What does it matter if his logomachy had no power over his hand and eye, and if he painted well in spite of himself?

If Catulle Mendès, who was an astonishing example of laziness, had studied his contemporary better, if he had only listened better during the long drinking bouts at the Brasserie des Martyrs, he might have made the secondary, episodic character in his "Glatigny" enunciate such nonsense that, in spite of his well-founded love of Courbet, Max Jacob would have been forced to applaud Mendès.

In his celebrated "Rencontre" Gustave Courbet has painted his own shadow on the sunlit road longer than that of the figures coming to meet him. He coldly called

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himself the Master Painter; sometimes he would sign: "Gustave Courbet, Pupil of Nature." He wrote under his portrait: "Courbet, without an ideal and without religion." He quietly confessed: "In the opinion of all the world [*sic*] I am the first man in France," and, further, "I stupefy the whole world. I triumph, not only over the moderns, but over the ancients."

Yes. But it has not prevented this arrant brute—and I dedicate this little sermon to the young painters who are too intelligent—from bequeathing to us the most sensible, the most comprehensive, the fairest portrait of the poet who was then the most difficult to seize immediately, the "Baudelaire with the Pipe," which is in the museum at Grenoble. And Baudelaire was able to write, without erring, of Gustave Courbet that the future will install him among the immortals.

It was Delacroix himself who wrote of Courbet: "Have you ever seen anything like it, anything so strong, that has not been taken from anyone else? ... Here is an innovator, and a revolutionary too: he appeared suddenly without a predecessor."

Even Ingres did himself honour in admiring: "Born with qualities which others acquire so rarely, Courbet possesses them fully developed at the first touch of his brush... That boy is an eye; he sees, with a perception quite peculiar to himself, in a harmony the tonality of which is a convention, realities that are so homogeneous among themselves that he improvises a nature more energetic in appearance than truth itself."

We do not know if Courbet's pride was more gratified by this prose of Père Ingres than by the exclamation of his friend Baudelaire, who greeted "a powerful worker" at the Salon of 1855, where the painter was exhibiting "Les Casseurs de Pierres," "Les Demoiselles de Village," "La Rencontre," "Les Cribleuses de Blé," "La Fileuse Endormie."

Yet Courbet did stupid things; he systematized, without the education which alone enables one to have a sane notion of system, and shocked for the pleasure of shocking, led by his realism to exaggerate certain anatomical details. In spite of these and worse stupidities, Courbet was never low; and we can see today in some of his crouching Venuses—semi-nudes, which are always more equivocal than the nude—figures of perfect candour. Pictorial genius had the mastery over intellectual penury.

The revolutionary Courbet has made an astonishingly fertile following possible. He justified Manet and the posterity of Manet beforehand.

On the arid shores of Libya, Poseidon having united with Earth gave birth to Antæus. The violence of this formidable giant equalled that of the wildest waves. His strength knew no weariness because, whenever his tired body touched the earth, Antæus received from it new vigour and new hidden freshness for the attack. He had erected a cavern as an abode...

Young painters (too intelligent?), you who would be so cultivated, read over the fable of Antæus and run to the Courbet exhibitions, run to the Louvre!

I am too much in favour of discussion—which, if it does not infallibly produce light, is at least one of the agents of movement, that is to say of life—not to meet objection. I will therefore formulate the question which would certainly be raised: "But if everything is so easy for the heroes of legend, and so difficult for poor human beings, even when they are great artists, how is one to

touch earth, what is the best way, and how is one to set about it?"

Indeed, I have heard reputed sages rebuking obstinate Cubists by saying to them: "Beware of abstraction, my young friend." Not very long ago my good friend, Marc Chagall—whose models are humanity and whose settings owe everything to the tenderest earthly *motifs*, and who, in spite of this, lives entirely in a dream and paints practically nothing but *féeries*, Midsummer Night's Dreams and Tempests, where Ariel plays his part—confessed to me: "I certainly recognize the importance of Cubism; I bow low to Picasso, the great artist who invented it, but, after all, Cubism is nothing but realism; that doesn't interest me."

At the *Sacre du Printemps* we have had a very good exhibition of M. Dobrojewsky. This young Polish artist presents landscapes and still-life paintings of fine texture, personal colour, and rare solidity of construction. Is it possible not to pronounce the name of Van Gogh when speaking of Dobrojewsky? The truth is that when one proceeds to a serious examination of the works of this artist one does not find any of the tricks of the great Dutchman, none of those tracings, with which so many imitators content themselves. But Dobrojewsky has lived in the rough Borinage country where Van Gogh—a pastor before he became a painter—wanted to evangelize the masses whom misery and alcohol had brought to a lower level than the Hottentots. It is thus a very curious climatic phenomenon that establishes the relationship between this new-comer with a future and the master of yesterday. It is all to the credit of Dobrojewsky, who was able to translate so faithfully the imponderable in the Belgian landscape. If at the same time he has felt another influence, this was entirely intellectual, and one must admit how difficult it is to live in the rich Flemish atmosphere and escape it entirely. Some of the earliest of Dobrojewsky's canvases—not more than five years old—are obviously related to the Belgian works, which are the outcome of that Expressionism by which the *flamingants* of painting pretend to break entirely with the school of Paris.

Dobrojewsky was too much a painter to fall into what old Lucretius called "the frenzies of the sect." He has just marked his place with authority and we will not forget him.

Auguste Clergé has done a great deal for the less fortunate of his comrades in Montparnasse. Though poor himself he has behaved as a Mæcenat, energy serving him in place of fortune. It is to him that we owe those very popular exhibitions at cafés. If it seems now that they have had their day, their utility yesterday cannot be denied. The friends of Clergé have benefited by it, and he was left to suffer from it. His enterprise has given him, in the eyes of certain people, something bohemian, something of the *rapin*, which ill behoves this serious painter, anxious about good style, without a very vivid imagination, but profoundly scrupulous, and whose only ambition is to paint as well as possible. A series of profitable journeys has enlarged his horizon. In the preface to the catalogue of his exhibition in the very fashionable setting of Manuel Frères, M. André Warnod has written very appropriately:

"One feels at the first glance that Clergé is not a fellow to find a formula and to exploit it to the end. He is one of those painters who begin again from A to Z every time they take up their brushes. He has painted the watercolours he is now exhibiting in France, in the North as well as in the South, and in Italy—in Rome, Turin, and Florence.

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Every one of them has its own character. The personality of the painter appears in them all, but under various aspects. That would suffice to arouse interest in this collection, but there is also the quality of this personality."

With a great deal of ambition—but that is so human!—the Galerie Hodebert has opened a little arbitrarily—but that is excusable—an exhibition of Norman painters "from Nicolas Poussin to the present day."

Obviously! But it would be very unkind to take this promise as a text in order to point out how those of the twentieth century seem to take a sort of delight in escaping from Nicolas Poussin, his example and his lessons.

What say you, Suzanne Duchamp, whom the mystifier Picabia—a good painter, by the way, in his good moments—watches as you paint in the studio of Crotti, the precursor of super-realism? Come, that does not prevent you from having painted portraits of good quality, strong and fresh images of women or children, which would serve well to illustrate the regional novels of your illustrious countrywoman, Mme. Lucie Delarue-Mardrus.

I know that M. Hodebert, the first to be concerned about the trap he had set, hastened to add to the demi-god of Les Audelys some other Norman glories which also owed nothing to the former: Gericault, Millet, Boudin of the unequal skies who discovered the watercolours of the "little Claude" (Monet) at a stationer's in Dieppe; Monet himself, Lépine, Augrand, and dear de la Fresnaye of whom I have spoken to you—one of the ornaments of living art, the poor soldier who died after the days of glory!

If it did not constitute a very precise example nor a manifestation of a very strictly provincial character, it was, at any rate, an exhibition that excited the passions.

Maurice Denis? He is much more a Roman than a Norman, though not in the same way as Nicolas Poussin, who when in Rome used to flatter himself on always seeing Les Audelys, foreseeing Maurice Barrès, who confronted

the dungeons of his native Lorraine with the ruins of Acropolis. Raoul Dufy? Let us not forget that this Norman of Havre is the son of a Breton and proud of his name, likes to boast of his Irish descent, whence he has inherited all his imagination. Othon Friesz? Yet he is a real Norman. Though he lives in the port of Toulon, it is only to escape the rain; but as of old he sees Havre in contemplating the Mediterranean. Fernand Leger? He is the plastic poet of the mechanism that is tending to make the earth small and its contours all the same, which was Nietzsche's obsession and nightmare. As for Braque, also of Havre, it has rightly been said that he is more the son of Chardin than of Poussin; he is the leader of Cubism that has been made possible by the dreams of a Spaniard.

The spirit of Normandy manifests itself perhaps more truly in artists who are less celebrated. Bergevin, Capon, Cochet, Pierre Dumont (the excellent painter of Rouen Cathedral), Hodé, Quesnel, and Jean Texcier, little known as a painter so far, but who is making a world reputation by the sharp psychology of the portraits with which he illustrated the famous "Une heure avec . . .", M. Frédéric Lefebvre's literary interiors in the "Nouvelles Littéraires."

Two good sculptors have aroused attention at this exhibition—one very young man, Chauvrel, who has been helped to find his personality by the lesson of Maillol; and a veteran, Bigot, a very good sculptor of animals, careful about masses, and scarcely threatened at all by the purely decorative spirit.

It is impossible not to regard the omission of M. Jacques Emile Blanche as a shocking injustice. It is around his contribution—a contribution that should have been important—that those other omissions, the best of the English painters who have set up their easels from Dieppe to Honfleur, might have been grouped.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

TODAY I must speak of an exhibition that presents a very little known art. Most people have never heard of the existence of these objects, few have studied them in position; yet it is a great German artistic possession that is shown to the public here for the first time. I am speaking of the tapestries of the convent of Wienhausen, near Hanover. They are preserved there in close and strong vaults and have so far only been made accessible to a few specialists. They have been reproduced only in the monograph which Dr. Marie Schütte wrote on them in 1927. Now they are hanging, stretched on wood, on the walls of the Künstlerhaus, where Hinrichsen and Lindpainter have arranged a remarkable Gothic exhibition around them. At the private view we noticed the Mother Superior of the old convent observing the first-comers with an interested expression. She had just read an article in a local paper, which was very much perturbed that these pious and valuable relics should be shown to the Berlin public.

But, after all, is there any question of selling these treasures? They are only to be shown to the public once in order that German art lovers might know what rare things are still preserved in the old monasteries of our country. They are to serve scholarship, which can now study them in the full light of day. No sensible man can find fault with that, and it is really worth while.

These tapestries belong to a group of Lower Saxon work, of which the examples that are always accessible in the cathedral of Halberstadt are the most famous. The series ranges from Romanesque to the Late Gothic. The Wienhausen pieces date from the time when this foundation was still a Cistercian convent, and consist of eight embroidered wall hangings extending from about 1300 till nearly 1500. They are larger or smaller pieces of linen on which the design is first drawn in black and then embroidered in coloured wools, the inner forms being outlined in black wool. The surface is always divided into separate compartments, and these are generally arranged

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in rows. The general impression is one of great ornamental beauty, however simple the technique of this monastic stitch may be, and the character of the periods can be seen in the change of taste. The solitary nuns who embroidered them were far removed from any intercourse and only heard the music of the Gothic style as a distant sound. They buried themselves for years in their work and produced embroidered stories so prolix in setting and elaborate in detail that we can imagine with what devout resignation the visitors to the convent at that time listened to the explanation of the long-winded representation and innumerable inscriptions. Such medieval quietness is needed for the study of the hangings. We are carried away into bygone days, especially as the pieces are so very well preserved that only occasionally we find a restoration in one corner or a completed line in the drawing.

A hanging with representations of the Prophets in strong yellow and red on a blue ground is the earliest piece. The Romanesque conception of form still holds sway. A rich sense of ornaments still gains over the variety of subject-matter. Then follow three versions of the story of Tristan. How strange to see this old legend, still in its original adventurous form, told in coloured wool so long before Wagner transformed it into a psychological drama! The first hanging shows part of

Tristan's adventures in long strips of figure compositions separated by a frieze of armorial bearings. The second piece represents a few of the principal events in the story, in a broader manner, and divided by bands of inscriptions. Morold demanding the tribute, Tristan crossing the seas and killing Morold, the dream of King Mark, and Tristan slaying the dragon; and how Iseult, in a large peacock-feather hat, and Brangäne carry the weary Tristan into the castle, bathe him and recognize by the notch on his sword that he slew Morold, who is here Iseult's brother. The third hanging is again conceived more in accordance with requirements, and delights in banquets, weddings, and court processions. Its appearance is at the same time more material. A hanging with a hunting scene becomes pure arabesque and ornament in its widespreading foliage and the character of trees and flowers. From the purely æsthetic point of view the strongest effect is produced by a representation of the legend of St. Thomas, with its warm tonality and large, free style of drawing. The least effective is the so-called Speculum tapestry, based on the favourite medieval devotional treatise, the "Speculum

humanae salvationes." Various Old Testament scenes are paralleled to the facts of salvation in the New Testament, and a picture of life in parables unfolds itself, which is intended to comfort the poor man. It consists of six closely worked bands which are designed more in order to enable the details to be accurately followed than to produce a magnificent general effect. The last tapestry, on the other hand, with the lives of SS. Anne and Elizabeth on a light-green ground, is again beautifully complete from the purely artistic point of view and almost approaches a Gobelin in effect. We can clearly recognize in this series of hangings the diversity of problems that assailed the old embroiderers. At one time the narrative subject is the principal thing; at another, the ornamental and

colourful impression becomes the higher principle. On the whole, it appears that after beginning with ornament there was a return to ornament once more after the Gothic naturalism in figure composition had been fully relished. The fact that the story of Tristan was used three times in these narratives remains almost a riddle of history, although we know how widely circulated the legend was here at that time. It is useless to assert that it was very pious. The Mother Superior believes that the duchesses who entered the convent brought it with them from their former worldly surroundings. I am inclined rather to



THE STORY OF TRISTAN

In the Convent of Wienhausen

believe in the imagination of the nuns.

The finest things of the period are placed all around. The exhibition of these sculptures and paintings alone would have been worth while. The relief by Riemenschneider representing "Christ in the House of Simon," or, still more impressive, the mature "Madonna" by the same artist, or the Swabian relief in wood showing "St. Eloysius Casting the Devil out of a Horse," or the old blue Bohémian devotional painting, or the "Venus" by Lucas Cranach, or, most remarkable of all, the light, delicate, and at the same time expressionistic southern French picture of "St. Jerome Translating the Bible Surrounded by Monks," form a gallery worthy to bear the German wall hangings company.

It is not easy for the young artists in Berlin. If they exhibit with the "Juryfreien," the effect of their work is lost in the general mass. The salons, on the other hand, offer them fewer and fewer opportunities, especially since at present they are tending more towards older art, which gives them greater certainty in the matter of sales. If there were a genius among them, or at least a fashionable artist who would carry away our art lovers, it would be

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better. But, unfortunately, this is not the case. Painting today is in a wavering condition between the memories of expressionism and the search for a new materiality, which is not a good soil for a synthetic master. A great deal is painted, but nothing startling. And yet there ought to be a place where it is possible to obtain a general view of the average production of the day and the direction in which we are moving.

That is why the Deutsche Kunstgemeinschaft is rendering an undoubted service in calling from time to time only upon the young artists to fill its halls in the Palace. Paul Westheim directs this organization. Such an exhibition is open at the present moment. We must not be too exacting, and remember that these exhibitions are arranged not so much for the education of the artist as of the public, which is even invited to pass judgment by voting for the best work. There are good things and bad, but it is good that the young people have a hopeful place. The influences which reign today are those of Dix and also of Utrillo, but above all of Hofer, who is the last to whom a successful synthesis of form and subject can be attributed.

Apart from this official display of the young, the Deutsche Kunstgemeinschaft has something touching and naïve in the way it treats the public. The Secretary of State Schulz, who presides over it, is pleased about every good press notice that his undertaking evokes. This good will, borne by a social sense, must not be underestimated, even if the efforts are not always at once successful. It is a valuable counterbalance to the salons which specialize, and the great exhibitions which generalize. Now this Gemeinschaft means to induce the Reichstag to have its presidents painted through its intervention. Slevogt's "Fehrenbach" is the last whose portrait has been painted. David Wallraf and Löbe are still wanting. For this purpose a series of modern portraits have been shown, including every tendency from Vogel to Liebermann, in order that the presidents might choose a painter according to their taste. What more can be expected?

If we glance over the salons, several younger painters of interest have appeared. Rudolf Jacobi shows at Nierendorf's admirable examples of strong, counter-pointed, luscious, and colourful landscape painting, which he studied in Paris. At Flechtheim's there is an exhibition of Eduard Arnthal, of Hamburg, who travelled about a good deal after the war, now lives in Florence, and has produced a series of southern landscapes in a general modern

technique without any coquetry of air, emphasizing local colour with strongly modelled forms and with that substantial firmness which we are quieting down today. His international tendency is characteristic of a certain group of German painters who caught up after the war all the expansions which had been denied them before.

How strange it is, after these events, to return to an Old Master who experienced and conquered within himself greater revolutions than take place today! Paul Cassirer has opened a superb Van Gogh exhibition consisting only of oil paintings, which complement in a wonderful way the exhibition of drawings at Wacker's in the same Victoriastrasse which I have already alluded to. The last Van

Gogh exhibition was held in the same place in 1914 shortly before the war. How do we look upon these works today? The works we see here range from 1884 to 1890, and a phenomenal development enfolds itself in these six years, from the first dull naturalism through the Paris experience of light, to the last masterly style which already solved in its way all the problems of form and colour which worry us today. His painting is at first colour in colour, then becomes light in colour, and finally is form in colour.

He commands with ease all the values of light and transparency which in the days of pure Impressionism was still a means to an end. Whether he paints the Zouave, or the Postman, or Gauguin's chair, or a light field, or flowers and ears of corn, the cypress, the flowering chestnut, the hospital garden or the iris, a moral influence emanates from his pictures on to our unsteady nerves, a strengthening of the senses, a religion of Nature, a worship of reality, a command over formulation in which we discern salvation. He appears to us ever greater. We compare our little troubles with his temperament and genius; we do not know right from left; we repeat ourselves countless times; we are weak and dependent; we are looking out for a leader. He will be our leader out of a time that is past. His variety, his ever-waking eye, his unpretentious colourfulness, the short and sure way from his eye to his hand, and the energy of his invention, which puts up with no deviation and is convincing in its necessity—that is the great teaching that greets us in every one of his works. To walk in this gallery of masterpieces is as splendid as the first day. The people are streaming in and growing well.



LANDSCAPE, ELBA

By Eduard Arnthal

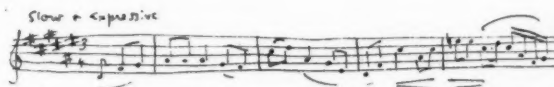
MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

AMONGST our contemporary composers Arnold Bax—son of the Bax who fought the Victorian battle of socialism and of men's rights in a generation that groaned under female oppression—holds a distinguished place. Little enough known to the wider public, he is, nevertheless, an interesting musical personality, and I need offer no excuse to devoting these pages this month to considering what he stands for in modern music. To be topical, I may explain that the first performance of two new works of his, a Piano Sonata and another for Piano and Violin, in our concert halls, and the inclusion of his symphonic variations for piano and orchestra at a recent philharmonic concert, has impelled me to write about the art of this accomplished and elusive composer, who is one of the ornaments of present-day British music. The adjective British is misleading, for Bax draws his craftsmanship from the common stock of the European tradition and his inspiration, so far as this can be localized, from Ireland. All "British" ever means, as applied to music, is that the composer is a subject of King George and has his (or her) habitat within these islands, probably in London. In fact, Arnold Bax is a Londoner born, an event that occurred forty-five years ago. He was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, the first public performance of his music took place at the St. James's Hall in 1903, and his subsequent career can be traced in the various concert halls of London.

I called him elusive just now. A proof of this is that he has remained aloof from his environment and that the monster London has never succeeded in casting her spell upon him. He has, at any rate, never attempted to express its fascination in his music. While Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, Arthur Bliss have all reacted to this stimulus, Bax in his music has given us no indication that he has ever submitted to the glamour of London by night, or to the incongruous beauty of its life by day. He stands remote, a little consciously remote, from his immediate surroundings, and his real self is stirred, neither by the sun setting over Chelsea Reach, nor by the sentimental cockneys of Hyde Park, but by the dim spaces of Celtic lore. Or, rather, one of his real selves is so stirred. For besides the Bax of "The Garden of Fand," where everything is washed in the silver of an ethereal twilight, there is the Bax of the Piano Quintet and the Symphony in which he sings of the riddle of man's destiny with a stern, even savage, intensity, that reminds one of the art of Salvator Rosa. This other Bax has, on the whole, become uppermost in the passage of the years. But since "The Garden of Fand" is at least superficially the most attractive of all his works, and is also characteristic of his Celtic sympathies, it may be given precedence here. Certainly for sheer, sensuous loveliness, it is hard to think of anything written during the last fifteen years—it dates from 1913—to compare with it. A symphonic poem, suggested by the legend of Fand, daughter of the Celtic Poseidon, who loved the mortal warrior Cuchulain, and was ultimately induced to renounce him through the prayers of Emer, his wife, it is really inspired by the sea, the theme which has summoned many masterpieces from the imagination of composers since Mendelssohn wrote his "Hebrides" overture. Amongst

Bax's English contemporaries Vaughan Williams, McEwan, Frank Bridge, have sung of the sea in its various moods. None, not even Debussy, has caught the sense of surface calm and underlying movement with more felicity than Arnold Bax in the opening section of this work, where harps and fluttering violins suggest the shimmering surface of the quiet ocean, whilst little rising and falling figures in the wood wind splash on the ear as lazily as the waves on the beach. We have no doubt when we listen to this that Bax is a master of the orchestra. His power of building up a series of impressions into a coherent whole is shown, too, by the way in which this picture of the remote and mysterious sea is followed by a kind of scherzo, where we hear the sounds of merriment on Fand's island, a wan Celtic merriment, which is as cold as the waves from which it has emerged. At length we come to the love theme of the sea princess, which has been preluded by a call on the muted horns, a serene little passage for the celeste and another for the viola, the contrasting timbres being set one against the other with fine sureness and economy. The Fand theme, given to the flutes and English horn, with an accompaniment of strings, is of itself enough to show that Bax has the gift of melody. It runs:



"The Garden of Fand" has in a high degree the quality we associate with the Celtic imagination of visualizing the unreal. Arnold Bax's sympathy with Celtic legend and song is shown, not only by the many Irish songs he has set to music, but by the compositions which, like "The Garden of Fand," are professedly inspired by Celtic subjects. How deeply he has drunk at the well of Irish folk music we see in the rhythm and contour of his melodies. The Celtic strain in him has often led to his being labelled a mystic. This may pass as a fanciful designation, if it only seeks to emphasize that element of remoteness which I have already mentioned as being characteristic of one side of Bax's genius. Otherwise it is hard to see how mysticism can be expressed in music at all, since mysticism mistrusts the very feelings to which music appeals. The mystic wishes to escape from sense, the musician from everything except sense. The mystic desires to forget himself in the Absolute, the musician to record his feelings in the transcendental scale of music. The mystic renounces whilst the musician creates. If language is to be used with any precision one cannot apply the term mysticism to those vague longings which great music so tantalizingly holds before the mind, any more than one can argue that the elation, "the sense of oneness," induced by a sequence of cocktails, has affinities with the mystic consciousness. Even in its loose connotation of a poetic serenity, mysticism can hardly be applied to Arnold Bax, for his music, where he is working, not on a small canvas and to a definite pictorial background, but on the grand scale of poetical composition, is anything but serene. Even "The Garden of Fand" with its underlying sadness

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can hardly be called that. In other things, cast in a bigger mould, the elegiac melancholy turns into a grim realism which leaves us wondering why Bax should be so hard on himself and on us. It is then that he turns his vision to the tragic significance of the world, and holds in puritanical control his bent towards the more purely sensuous side of music which is prominent in "The Garden of Fand."

The Piano Quintet in this respect is one of his most revealing works, wherein we can observe how Arnold Bax has fashioned a technique admirably suited to express such a temperamental clash, a clash resulting from the sense of poetic reality at war with the Celtic tendency to be satisfied with the beauty of dreams. Bax's musical grammar and syntax is, on the whole, traditional. He accepts the conventions of tonality, and his harmonic idiom, if daring, and often sounding harsh to ears educated to the language of Brahms and Wagner, is truer to the classical school than any other British composer of the front rank except Sir Edward Elgar. He is more conservative, for instance, than Dr. Vaughan Williams, who is so easily tempted by model influences; or Arthur Bliss, the difficulty of whose music for most people lies in its atonal tendencies. In the laying out of his works also, Arnold Bax, though a bold designer, follows in the footsteps of the classical masters. He finds the sonata form sufficient to enable him to achieve an individual style, and the manner in which he uses its highly conventionalized formulæ leaves one in no doubt of the intellectual power which he brings to the task of self-expression.

One can study Bax's handling of the problem of musical construction in his Piano Quintet without being diverted from one's purpose by his virtuosity as a colourist. As it presents itself to him that problem lies in the contrast, not so much of tonalities, out of which the sonata form arose, as of themes. In the Piano Quintet, for example, we find this contrast worked out with extraordinary persistence. The first subject, a soaring figure originally presented by the 'cello against a flowing semi-quaver accompaniment on the piano, runs as follows:



After the other strings have briefly taken it up and the piano has given it out with the heavy-handed emphasis which is that instrument's usual rôle when it joins forces with a string quartet, the piano leads the way hurriedly to a counter-subject which is much stronger rhythmically and weaker melodically than the other. Its importance is shown by the elaboration of its treatment, and it is this subject which ultimately gives the prevailing impression



of austerity to the quintet, for its unyielding grimness more than balances the exaltation of the first theme, and is still

further enhanced by the lyrical charm of the real second subject, of which I quote the first two bars:



This, you will say, is exactly the method of the classical composers and one which Beethoven regularly followed, it being an accepted principle that the first and second subject should be contrasted not only by difference of key, but by their intrinsic character. Bax, however, carries the principle of contrast farther, since his subjects react on one another so that they seem to grow alive under his hands. Thus, after the subject C has been developed at some length and has induced a change of mood in the listener, the first subject, A, re-enters with delicious hesitation on the viola, an instrument which never seems quite sure that it belongs to this world of strife where the ungodly triumph. And then we hear the viola and the 'cello "like a chant" as the composer directs singing a theme in unison which is a sort of reminiscence of C. The Mammon of Unrighteousness, however, does not manage to assert itself unduly, and the composer avoids the finality which attaches to the classical sonata form by running the working-out and the recapitulation sections into one. Thus he is able—after a slow movement which is really an intermezzo, a period of incubation during which the emotions stirred by the first movement are kept in suspense—to return to his original material and present us in the Finale with the themes of the first movement. Again they clash. But they have undergone a sea change. The first subject, B, is now developed to its fullest extent, being at last given out *lento con gran espressione* by the strings in unison accompanied by chords on the piano. But before this the rhythm of the counter-subject, which has kept on hammering through the score, suddenly turns to a wistful melancholy—again the viola is the instrument employed—and shortly after the 'cello, against this rhythm on the other strings, gives out the second subject of the first movement D, *cantabile plaintive*. Fragments of this same theme actually bring the movement and the work to a conclusion. So everything in its course has taken on the complexion of its opposite and we are presented with a synthesis in which the imagination of the composer has fused the various emotions of the human heart. If the masterpiece should satisfy the intellectual desire for form and balance, for clearness and lucidity, whilst leaving the emotions free to resolve themselves apart from logic, then Bax's Piano Quintet can justly lay claim to this appellation.

I have taken these two works of his in some detail because they contain the two essential sides of Bax's art. Space prevents me from commenting on the niceties of his technique and the completeness of his knowledge both of instrumental and vocal music. He has essayed practically every branch of music except opera, and has failed in none. One of his conspicuous successes has been his compositions for unaccompanied voices in the polyphonic style, the eighth part, "Mater Ora Filium," being his best-known work of this kind. If I have said enough to convince the readers of APOLLO that in Arnold Bax we have a creative artist who deserves to be better known, it is sufficient.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

The Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—A Summary of its General Impression.

On the whole this exhibition of works by late members and by Old Masters seems to me to have worn a melancholy air. The Old Masters were for the most part so obviously old and often so faded, so neglected even. Who could have ordered the charming Vermeer to be so unsuitably framed or allowed it to remain at such disadvantage, for instance? Even the glorious Rembrandt himself here reminded us only of his old age when he was despised and rejected.

So, too, with the "Late Members." The only imaginative artist among them, Cayley Robinson, lived in a world of unrelieved Maeterlinckish romantic depression. His muse—like Watts's "Hope"—seeks to evoke some diffident emotion from a harp with two strings: moonlight and lamplight, or dusk and fire. The difference between the literary painter and the pure painter was vividly brought home to one by his view of a third-class railway carriage, called by him significantly "The Long Journey," and a remembrance of Daumier's treatment of a similar subject called, also significantly, "Le Wagon de Troisième Classe," recently shown at the Lefevre Gallery. Cayley Robinson's art was, however, not so negligible as some modernists would like to think. And McEvoy, the most vital, the most temperamental of his late confrères here—not so much a creative as a selective artist, a virtuoso in the difficult art of knowing what to leave out. But he also, losing heart, sometimes as it were in the middle of a brush stroke, perhaps because of his delicate health—still, a vital painter who will take his place in the ranks of British artists very near to Gainsborough. Next to him, here at all events—the future will not allow such proximity—his senior colleague, J. J. Shannon, a fashionable painter he, too; but one who, out of consideration for the vanity of his sitters and their relations and friends, spoils his canvases by thinking more of the pretty face than of the painting as a whole. Only one picture, his portrait of Phil May, is a masterpiece.

And so, by a kind of *descensus Averno* to Solomon J. Solomon and Luke Fildes. Very capable painters both: nothing wrong with their art except its foundations! They tried to create substitutes for Nature, looked upon art as if it were a matter of "feigning" her, as the eighteenth-century painters "feigned" bas-reliefs. Of the two, Solomon was doubtless the greater, and in his glory when he painted the type of sitters which he understood best. His "Samson," too, is a better "machine" than is usual with such academic works. Luke Fildes was a good illustrator in a realistic manner; his "Doctor" and "The Casual Ward" therefore rank with his rather admirable pen-and-ink illustrations for conscientious workmanship. As a portraitist he was—even accepting his own standards—singularly "raw."

And Mark Fisher, whom one used to regard as rather a pillar of impressionistic strength; but it was evidently a delusion. Here his colour is seen to have a monotonous spinachy hue; his "values" seem all wrong, and his mood never varies.

John William North's reputation is a puzzle difficult to solve: his paintings leave one with a kind of utterly blank sensation: they are neither good nor bad, nor even indifferent—to commit an Irishism.

Perhaps, however, this gloomy view of mine is due to the weather—I hope not.

The Contemporary Art Society's "Second Loan Exhibition of Foreign Paintings" at the Knoedler Galleries.

The purpose of this extremely important show is explained in the preface of the catalogue by Mr. Roger Fry: "The present exhibition will, it is hoped, convince many of our members and other lovers of art of the importance of acquiring for our national galleries a much more representative collection" (*scilicet*: of contemporary painters on the Continent), and, further: "I doubt if it would be possible to set a higher standard than is here maintained."

Elsewhere in this preface the author refers to "the daring experimentation which has characterized the art of the twentieth century," and maintains that "one feels everywhere the controlling preoccupation with constructive design."

This exhibition therefore deserves an especially careful inspection, both in view of the hall-mark its contents have received and of its ultimate purpose.

These daring experimenters have suffered a good deal more from the enthusiasm of their friends than from the hatred of their enemies. The attacks that have been made upon them from the latter quarter have centred round accusations of lunacy, charlatanism, and even *political* bolshevism—irrelevancies that in their inception can be understood and forgiven, but in their unqualified persistence discredit only the mentality of the accusers.

The enthusiastic praise which the supporters of the "New Movement" have showered, without apparent discrimination, upon "daring experimentation" has been considerably more hurtful to the cause. Even in this exhibition, for which a high standard is definitely claimed, discrimination is not always evident. We may leave out that very uncertain "master," Henri-Matisse, whose sense of colour and pattern rises from the subtle and charming "Etretat" (49) and "Seascape" (51) to the gorgeous red symphony of his "Still-life" (13), and descends through "La Terrasse" (57) and "Femme Assise" (60) and other slight works until it reaches, in "Portrait" (16), the level of the merely silly. We may disregard also such an amusing trifle as Dufy's "Casino" (28) or Maria Blanchard's "Governess" (30), the latter despoiled of its value as a pattern in colour by its childish draughtsmanship. We may dismiss Georges Rouault's "La Mariée" (1) as ugly in conception and portentously sinister in treatment. Really interesting aesthetic problems are, however, suggested by several pictures. Why, for instance, should Bonnard have deliberately introduced into his "Tea" (40) an isolated and ugly dark shape, undistinguishable as an object, which jumps without rhyme or reason clean out of the design. More difficult still is the problem thrown up by Segonzac's "Pont de Joigny" (69) (see illustration); here we

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PONT DE JOIGNY
By A. Dunoyer de Segonzac

Knoedler's Galleries
By courtesy of Mr. Paul Maze

have beautiful "recession" accompanied by a contradictory forward tendency of the darks which hit one in the eye—can this have been intended? Again, in Bonnard's "Nude in Bath" (52) we are left wondering as to the artist's aim. As an imitation of Nature it is "middling"; as a colour harmony, subtle and charming; as a design it is very poor: the head of the bather is much too near the right stile of the frame, and the design in general, and particularly the pattern of the wall, is boring in the extreme.

There would be no need to dwell on such instances (and many others might be added) if the pictures were now presented merely as examples of experiment. If, however, they are all acclaimed as masterpieces fit for purchase and permanent exhibition in "national galleries," one must protest, not the least because the poor examples may detract from the value of the really important works. Amongst these I should confidently commend the attention of the reader to the following—for various reasons too lengthy in each case to define here—mere enumeration must therefore suffice: Albert Marquer's "Notre Dame" (9), Segonzac's "Les Buveurs," Jean Marchand's "Landscape" (12), Matisse's "Still-life" (13), already mentioned; Pierre Bonnard's slight, but amusing, Maris-like "The Cat" (24), Paul Maze's "Provence" (25) and "Provence" again (33); next, especially, Jean Marchand's "Cueillettes des Olives" (34), Bonnard's "Les Bateaux" (37), and "Le Cannel" (53), and "Still-life" (61); then Picasso's early, tender and romantic "Acrobats" (39) (see illustration) and "Portrait in Profile" (43); Derain's "Still-life" (46) and, by contrast, "Still-life" (5)—the two should hang together; finally, Segonzac's "Paysage du Midi" (62) (see illustration); and the two early Utrillos, "Route de Ville" (48) (see illustration) and "Montmartre" (55).

I think if such pictures as these were hung in our public galleries many visitors would feel their sensibility stimulated, and, even if "biased," converted to appreciation.

Contemporary English Watercolours at the St. George's Gallery.

A show that has been decidedly worth while! Not that it is entirely composed of masterpieces; it isn't, but that some of the exhibits are "very, very good"—though not to be appreciated from the same point of view. They are not even all done in the same technique. Still, the medium imposes limitations which give the show a desirable unity. The surprise is that the contributions from the painters with the greatest names are distinctly inferior to some of the others.

The following may be mentioned amongst the most attractive: "The White House, Ynys, Merioneth" (2), by Harry Morley, good in its distinctive colour, tone, and design; Charles Cundall's "The Terrace at Monte Carlo" (5), full of sunlight, yet without the blue and yellows usual for such effects; "Flask Walk" (11), by Charles Ginner—a drawing in which the so-disposed could count every brick without being bored (pity the pink on the wall is a little anæmic); Muirhead Bone has a fine view, "Looking down on Pistoja from the Apennines" (14), in black-and-white; Randolph Schwabe one of his exemplary drawings, "Rue de l'Eglise" (19); Allan McNab three of his attractive, map-like drawings (20 and 24) and the tinted "Naples" (32). Frederick Whiting surprises in this *galère* with two bold landscape patterns, "Lac Chambon" (23) and "Loch Fadach" (31), which are, nevertheless, not colouristically quite convincing. Vanessa Bell's "Flowers" (37) has power, but it seems a little forced; Douglas Percy Bliss's "Snow" (46) is a strong piece of personal expression. We get to know a new side of David Jones's talent in his highly amusing window-cleaning "Maid at the End House" (52), in which both the maid and the be-bowed cat are as entertaining as the "pattern" of the whole. By comparison, his "Back Garden" (54) seems both joking and designing with difficulty; "Sea and Rocks" (58), however, is interesting. Rather against my desire, because its self-conscious power compels my



PAYSAGE DU MIDI
By A. Dunoyer de Segonzac

Knoedler's Galleries
By courtesy of Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill

Art News and Notes

judgment, I must declare Paul Nash's "Rock Garden" (56) in my opinion not only far and away the best water-colour in this exhibition, but also the best I have seen for a long while anywhere; and I must confess, also with some reluctance, that both of Ben Nicholson's still-lives (60, 61) are not so futile as they appear at first glance.

Old English Sporting Prints at Colnaghi's.

Exhibitions of this nature appeal quite definitely to a public that has far greater interest in subject than in its æsthetic expression: they look for accuracies in details and are in this respect often far more meticulous than the lovers of art. Design of course there has to be in every drawing, painting or print; but it is, nevertheless, surprising how little use these painters and engravers of sporting prints have made of it. How little they have concerned themselves with unity in their anxiety to be explicit. Only now and then one came across—in this exhibition of some of the best and rarest sporting prints—any sign of an æsthetic conscience. Dean Wolstenholme has it and shows it in his four "Coursing" plates, in his "Fox-hunting"; it is discernible in Reinagle's "Pheasant and Woodcock Shooting"; also in some of Samuel Howitt's "Partridge Shooting" for instance, and in several of H. Atkin's "Sporting Discoveries—The Miseries of Shooting," especially in plates 1 and 4.

But to seek for æsthetic satisfaction is hardly, one feels, very "sporting"; from other points of view the exhibition was no doubt extremely interesting.

Mr. Henry Moore's Sculpture at the Warren Gallery.

There is no denying that Mr. Henry Moore is an admirable carver of stones; there is also no denying that he is a theoretician; he has manifestly strong ideas about sculpture and what it should be. In this sense and within these purely theoretical limitations most of his work is good; it has solid mass and massive rhythm; it is true to its material; it is, generally, considered and well-thought-out. One could thus continue the catalogue of its virtues. And yet it has one fundamental flaw: it lacks conviction; it does not radiate the sense of a categorical imperative. The ideas are there, but they are not convincingly his own. There, for instance, is the "Standing Girl—stone, 1926" (9)—very good, but Maillol has done better; there is the "Torso—dark African wood" (21), and the polished bronze "Birds" (12 and 13), but Brancusi has forestalled such



ROUTE DE VILLE
By Maurice Utrillo

Knoedler's Galleries
By courtesy of Mr. M. Shearman



LES ACROBATS
By Pablo Picasso

Knoedler's Galleries
By courtesy of Mr. Brandon Davis

things with more success. There are others . . . but why insist? Mr. Moore is young, and there are, happily, indications that he may find himself. "The Suckling Child—concrete, 1927" (31), for instance, or the quite simple white marble "Snake" (8) of 1924, or the still earlier bronze head of "The Dancing Girl" (14) of 1922—all things in which abstract æsthetics occupy a subordinate place. Even in the Maillollesque "Standing Girl" the eyes have a more than accidental "romantic" appeal, as if his "heart" had disobeyed the "better" judgment of his head. Possibly this view of his art will not please him at the moment; it may perhaps do so—later on.

Original Etchings and Drypoints at James Connell and Sons' Gallery.

Without an endless flow of glib adjectives which, after all, convey little, it is hardly possible to "notice" a show of etchings in these days, for not only do the majority of the subjects agree in category—it is nearly always architectural—but etching, engraving, drypoint tend to approach each other in effect, and may even go to the making of one and the same print. In this show, however, the following demonstrate diversity resulting not so much from differences of the medium as from the handling of drawing; they are, incidentally, all admirable as prints. Francis Dodd's "Zaragoza" (14), "Eugène Béjot's "Le Vieux Port Marseilles" (31), G. L. Brockhurst's "Black Silk Dress" (32), Alan Gwynne Jones's "Southwold Fair" (41),

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LOW TIDE AT LA ROCHELLE *Jas. Connell and Sons*
Drypoint by Henry Rushbury

Louis Rosenberg's "Great Bazaar, Constantinople" (71), E. Blampied's "Bathing Machine," and C. F. Tunnicliffe's "Cattle Fair" (47). Other notable prints are shown by Henry Rushbury (see illustration), Kenneth Holmes, Middleton Todd, Stanley Anderson, S. M. Litten, Nathaniel Sparks, etc.

Mr. Robert Austin's Engravings and Drawings at the Twenty-one Gallery.

Mr. Robert Austin's art is eminently attractive, and seems to have been so from its beginning. Amongst his early drawings done in Rome, as a Prix de Rome scholar, are many that have a dignity unusual in the work of a young man. Obviously influenced by Millet and Legros they have yet a quality of their own: "Emigrants," "The Ploughman," "The Angelus," and "Women with Ploughs" are fine examples of his powers as a draughtsman, a designer, and a "poet."

In his engravings and etchings these three virtues and qualities are generally manifest, even when his subject is no more than the monotony of a church bell. The pure design and clean lines of the "Bell, No. 2" (39) is a great joy. Amongst his new engravings the "Woman Praying" (35) and the Griggsish "Ponte Picton, Verona" (34) are the most attractive. Mr. Austin's art is founded upon the pre-Dürer technique, and he is one of the few moderns who practise engraving rather than etching. It is seen at its best in the simple "Donkeys of Selva" (33), amongst the new plates, whilst in the capable "Alice Lush" (35) it appears too laboured. The "Cathedral, Palma" (36), the only etching amongst his recent work, approximates too nearly the quality of the now fashionable architectural stuff.

J. D. Fergusson and Paule Vezelay at the Lefèvre Galleries.

Mr. John Duncan Fergusson prefaces his catalogue with a quotation from a scientific article by Professor Julian Huxley, in which the scientist discusses the problem of ultimate reality and concludes with a scathing dismissal of "common sense," still, however, upholding the authority of reason. This is what Mr. Fergusson approves of as "the attitude of mind necessary for those who wish to give anything serious consideration." Amongst this universe of "anythings," art in general, and Mr. Fergusson's in

particular, are to be included—at least one must assume that this is the inference the artist would wish us to make.

But, I wonder? Would the professor agree with the painter? Would he admit that they were talking or thinking about the same thing? I doubt it. Would the painter be prepared to submit his work to the test of reason? Would he wish emotion, for instance, to be ruled out?

The fact is that Mr. Fergusson's art consists of very strong emotions, severely, almost brutally disciplined by—I will not say reason, but by reasoning processes. Mr. Fergusson probably feels that he dare not let his emotions have their own way lest they run away with him; but his is at the same time much too rational a mind to allow common sense to have its way, because common sense is a hybrid of reason and instinct.

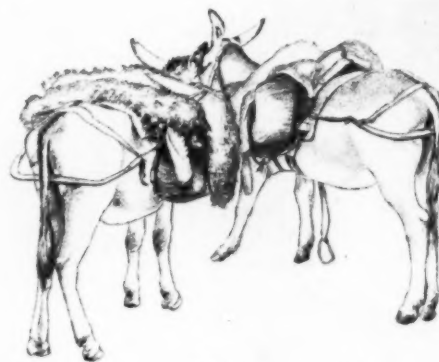
Consequently, all his present work—and in this case the presence covers a period of a good many years—presents a battle of contending forces.

The fact is that Mr. Fergusson is a martyr to his aesthetic conscience. Those who can remember his early work will agree that he could easily have become a sound, but very popular painter in the Impressionist manner. His capabilities are many degrees above the average, but so is his aesthetic conscience. He will not compromise. And so his art, both in sculpture and in painting, is still experimental, attractive by reason of his strong sense of colour and, in sculpture, of the material, and always interesting by reason of its design and the mentality it expresses. "In the Patio" (6) amongst the paintings, and "Dryad—wood" (3) amongst the sculpture, one would perhaps single out as his masterpieces here, were it not for the fear of laying oneself open to contradiction—by him.

Miss Paule Vezelay's art never denies its derivativeness, but within its self-imposed limits it is clever and, owing to her good sense of colour, attractive. The "Merry-go-Round" (1), "In a Restaurant" (16), and "Pears" (17) are, perhaps, the most satisfying.

Pierre Bonnard at the Independent Gallery.

This exhibition confirms one's opinion of Pierre Bonnard as an uncertain designer, but one of the most



DONKEYS OF SELVA

By Robert Austin

Twenty-one Gallery

Art News and Notes

remarkable colourists, not only of our, but probably of all times. His colour orchestration has an exciting and extremely satisfying quality impossible to describe in words. Apart from his uncertainty in design, his frank subordination of the human (or associative) interest to the pattern—melody, I had almost written—definitely detracts from his status as one of the world's great artists. Specially notable here are "Nu" (9), "Paysage, Vernon" (24), "Nu" (17), "Ponton Embarcadère" (11), and "Toilette Rouge" (8).

Drawings by H. Gaudier-Brzeska, Cedric Morris, and Christopher Wood at the Claridge Gallery.

The late and really lamented Gaudier-Brzeska left a quantity of simple pen-line drawings, several of which are here exhibited. Brzeska had the sculptor's feeling for form, and the sculptor's method of noting it—one is reminded of Rodin's pen or pencil line. Brzeska's skill in drawing with continuous lines, and apparently effortless, is amazing. The "Marabou" (52), the "Nude" (56), and "Horses" (55) are amongst the best things here.

Mr. Cedric Morris's drawings are akin in method—they were contemporaries and studied together in Paris. Mr. Morris's work here, however, is not quite so spontaneous, more complete as regards design, and especially attractive in his café scenes and the quite admirable "Antelope." Truth to tell, the quality of the drawings is pleasanter and more convincing than that of his paintings.

That, too, is true of Mr. Christopher Wood's more elaborately shaded drawings, which are less aggressive than his paintings at the Seven and Five show, and therefore more agreeable, though their *raison d'être* is not greatly more pronounced.

Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's Paintings and Mr. W. Arnold Foster's Pastels at the Goupil Gallery.

Mr. Seabrooke's exhibition occasions—at first glance—some surprise. He has the reputation of being one of the most "advanced" of our "modern" painters; yet here we seem back in the days of Impressionism, not perhaps at its wildest, but certainly at its woolliest. There is no sharp delineation of form; there are hard edges, but they do not belong to contours; they are merely the result of Mr. Seabrooke's palette-knife technique. Neither are there the forced contour lines which one often encounters

in Cézanne's paintings. The pictures have, in fact, a tapestry-like quality and a tonality that suggests Fantin Latour. These impressions, however, are only superficial; closer inspection of the show demonstrates Mr. Seabrooke's individuality clearly. He has doubtless been influenced by the Frenchmen, by Cézanne in particular, in the matter of design. In this respect his "Bathers" (8) is quite admirable, and so are many of his landscapes, notably, "Moo Pool" (17), the small "Cottage at Crowborough" (33), and "Near Avignon" (39), which latter has been acquired by the Contemporary Art Society. In his colour sense he is more romantic, as, for example, in his "Still-life" (36), "Study of Flowers" (42), "Roses" (20) — all very

attractive pieces, as is also the curiously mellow "Winter in London" (43). Nevertheless, apart from the figure-subject already mentioned, his "Still-life" (22) seems to me here his masterpiece. Its design might, perhaps, have been improved upon: the rhythm, though considered, is not very clear; but it is both subtle and delightful in colour and cheerful in tonality. Mr. Seabrooke's tendency to the subdued and depressed is still noticeable generally, but this exhibition is a great advance on his former work and makes one look forward to his evidently promising future.

Mr. Arnold Foster was —like Mr. Seabrooke— a Slade student and his contemporary there; yet the difference between their outlook—apart from the difference in medium—could hardly be greater. Mr. Arnold Foster seems anxious to subordinate his personality entirely to the thing seen—in this case, for the most part, mountain scenery. His pastels approach the appearance of watercolours. His range of colours is severely restricted,

depending mostly on a contrast between blue-greys and warm browns; his drawing is definite and very good. There is nothing revolutionary in his work, but it is none the worse for that. The Contemporary Art Society showed discrimination in acquiring the finely-designed "Grimsel" (4); but the Cameron-like "Sallanches, Evening" (6), the grey Rhone "Glacier" (24), the "Combloux" (13), rich in contrast, and the yellow-grey "Sunrise" (16) are also notable, as indeed are several others.

Messrs. Reid and Lefevre are holding an exhibition of André Derain's paintings, which promises to be intensely interesting, as may be concluded from the admirable example here illustrated.



TÊTE DE FEMME

By André Derain

Reid and Lefevre's Galleries

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Mr. Roger Fry's Pictures Exhibited by the London Artists' Association at 92 New Bond Street.

Mr. Roger Fry's is a puzzling "case"; he is the valiant protagonist of intellectual values in painting, a strict fighter for all the movements away from naturalistic representation, and here we find him forsaking even Cézanne. Who could have guessed that he was the author of "Under the Organ Loft" (17), a charming church interior of unusual colour and tonality, and not at all very strong in structural composition; or the painter of a rather Early Victorian bouquet, "August Flowers" (11), and of an equally attractive, but far from revolutionary, "Louis XVI Mirror" (24). "Bloaters, Whiting, and a Kipper" (15) are—the kipper, perhaps, excepted—sheer realism *plus*, and the *plus* is important, a pronounced and ingratiatingly flowing rhythm which makes it "modern." His portrait of "Lady Fry" (12) is not nearly so good a piece of painting as his own (23), which is almost a "speaking" likeness. But Mr. Fry does not paint easily. He is too conscious of every brush stroke; he cannot let himself go, yet Impressionism "hath him in thrall." One notices that especially in his landscapes, when the intellectual values of design and the purely physical values of sight, i.e. truth to Nature, seem at loggerheads with one another, resulting in a compromise which is not capable of stirring one's emotions very deeply. Perhaps his most successful effort—the word comes "pat"—is the satisfying design and exquisite colour of "The Ravine" (13).

The Women Artists at the Royal Institute.

Who knows but what a writer of the future generation may find himself discussing an exhibition of the Society of Men Artists? Already the women are in a majority, and there seems to be no biological reason why this majority should not increase. Moreover, there are distinct signs that women are capable of taking the place of men—this Exhibition of Women Artists, for instance. The proportion of work of the kind of soundness which we usually associate with work done by men is much greater than in previous years. That, of course, is not saying very much from the art point of view, but it is saying something and probably what the women artists do want to hear. It means that more of them can draw and paint without giving their sex away in their work at first glance, as was once the rule; to mention but a few examples: There is Miss Helen Maclaren's clean and soundly painted "Tulips" (232); Miss Sine Mackinnon's sombre but truthful "Hay's Wharf, London Bridge" (229); Mrs. Mary Koop's quiet "The Roofs of Eze" (256); Miss Mabel Gear's "Baby Dogs" (277); Miss Dorothea Sharp's impressionistic "The Apple Tree" (303); Miss Nancy Clouston's careful "Interior" (301); and Mrs. Blakeney Ward's "Vanessa" (267), a portrait in Ralph Peacock's manner—these are amongst the paintings which men might equally well be supposed to have painted. In none of these things, however, is the expression of individuality very emphatic; nor is sheer vigour here referred to, otherwise Miss A. K. Browning's "Mother and Child" (241) would carry off the palm, but its brushwork is a little too emphatic. Miss Stuart Weir's flower and still-life pieces, her "Flowers and Pottery" (254) and "The Fair" (243), are always distinctive. That, too, holds good of Miss Florence Asher's paintings; her "Valley of the Salzach" (264) is one of the best designed and coloured landscapes in this show. Other strongly individual

artists are Mrs. Granger Tayler, Miss Dorothy Granger, and Miss Olive Taylor. The latter's "Woman with the Candle" (39), a watercolour, has, as a result of its conception and execution, rather more than a purely æsthetic interest. Mrs. Granger Tayler's portraits, "Olive" (244) and "The Green Hat" (239), are both interesting. Miss Dorothy Granger has, perhaps, gone farther in inventiveness, both of subject and technique, than her co-exhibitors in "Naaman at the House of Elijah" (206), also in the smaller "St. Catherine" (209), but here we seem to discern a certain feminine lack of strength or possibly of logic.

The "Seven and Five" and Mr. Fabian Ware at the Beaux Arts Gallery.

The Seven and Five Society are now the principal experimental group of artists we have in England. From this point of view, therefore, they deserve not only to be taken seriously, but to obtain every support they can get. One wonders, nevertheless, whether the members of this group—with certain exceptions—are aware of the fact that this support will be given, in most cases, probably only *ex gratia*. At least it is difficult to imagine that these "experiments" can be half as gratifying to the spectators or purchasers as they no doubt are to their authors. One is apt to be deeply interested in any independent investigation one conducts, and to assume that the lookers-on must be equally thrilled, but that is a *non sequitur*. I feel sure, for instance, that Mr. Len Lye worked very hard at his curious contraption entitled "Flies Back to the Branch (a Butterfly)," and that the construction called "Eve" and the other one called simply "Construction" also gave him some sort of satisfaction. That he has not constructed "Eve" herself, but only put some bits of tin and brass together, and that construction for construction's sake is purposeless, except in so far as it has helped to pass away the time, will probably not worry him. Here, however, we are touching upon a basic principle which affects the activities of many advanced artists inside and outside the society, viz., the principle of *pure æsthetics*. It is quite true, for instance, that Mr. Ben Nicholson's several still-lives, notably No. 8, have an æsthetic effect: they are very satisfactory so far as they go, but whatever distance they may travel in the artist's own mind I very much doubt whether they move many inches in *nous autres*. Much the same holds good of Mr. Sidney Hunt's various "mirages." Here there is a pronounced design, but there is also some associative interest which, partly owing to its nature, partly to the general colour-scheme, is far from being pleasant. Granted, however, that some of the spectators recognize the *æsthetics* of such work, is that likely to be a lasting pleasure? Something one would desire to see again and again, and yet again? And if not, would the acquisition of such work signify more than a desire to help the artist?

Captain Spencer Pryse has obtained permission from the Imperial Gallery of Art to hold an exhibition of his pictures in connection with West Africa.

There are 100 pictures dealing with nearly every phase of life in Nigeria and on the Gold Coast. The opening ceremony will take place at 3 p.m. on March 2, and will be performed by Brigadier-General Sir Gordon Guggisberg, K.C.B., Governor of the Gold Coast for the past seven years. The exhibition will remain open until March 20.

